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MONTEREY,

AND OTHER POEMS.

MONTEREY,

AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY

FRANCES JANE CROSBY,

A PUPIL AT THE

NEW YORK INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

"As the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note."

MILTON.

NEW YORK:
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MDCCCLI.

PREFACE.

It is nearly seven years, since, at the instance of partial and dear friends, I was led to present myself before the public as an authoress, aiming at poetic strains.

It was with feelings of deep agitation that I first realized my new position, when, with a volume of my own poems, I presented a dedication copy to the Managers of the noble Institution of which I am an *élève*, and to which I am indebted for that culture, as set forth in the preface to that edition, which educed the mind and trained the thoughts that were there embodied. The favor with which that publication was received, and the warrant of the same kind friends, lead me once more to present my claims for public patronage.

During the interval, the love of contemplation, and the emission of thoughts pictured in harmonious words, has given birth to many pieces, which those friends,

> "Whose judgment I esteem
> Superior to my own,"

advise should be embodied in another edition.

With health sadly impaired, and a consequent frequent inability to discharge those duties from which I have hitherto derived a maintenance, the pecuniary emolument there may arise from the sale of the work, will be acceptable as it will be appreciated; and the Blind Girl's declining years be thereby rendered unclouded by that dependency so repulsive to a mind ever active, and a hand, when not enervated by disease, ever assiduous for her self-support.

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MONTEREY.

CANTO I.

DEDICATED TO H. M., ESQ.

Come, faithful memory of long vanished years,
And kindly lead me to the quiet shade
Where lives the past, its sunshine and its tears,
And gushing fountains murmur through the glade.
There oft in childhood have I careless strayed,
When hope's young blossoms seemed to bloom for me;
And while their leaves—just op'ning—I surveyed,
How would my bosom thrill with ecstasy,
My Friend, to know thee near—thy smiling glance to see!

By thee approved, I asked, I wished no more;—
Through mazes dark thy cheering voice hath led;
Thou wert my guide o'er paths untrod before,
Again I venture in those paths to tread:

The Muse of Song her wings hath o'er me spread;
My lute, impatient, waits its notes to swell:
Departing day's last hour will soon have sped—
The hour in which I love on absent ones to dwell.

Wilt thou accept, my friend for ever dear,
The little volume which to thee I bring?
This humble pledge of gratitude sincere
Is Friendship's purest, holiest offering.
My harp for thee would tune its sweetest string,
And yet its tones—how tremulous and weak!
These lips, alas! in vain presume to sing:
There are emotions words may never speak;
They flow but in the tear that silent wets the cheek.

'Twas night: the conqueror's work was done,
His victor garland proudly won;
And on the crimson battle-plain,
Were strewn the wounded and the slain.
The clash of arms was heard no more,
And hushed the cannon's pealing roar:
His weary watch the sentry kept,
While in his tent the hero slept.
O Monterey! the morning light

Beheld thee towering in thy might:
The crest hath fallen from thy brow,
And what avails thy splendor now?
Thy palaces with pomp arrayed,
At eve a mould'ring pile were laid.
Mark where thy vanquished sons have bled—
Yet weep not o'er their blood-stained bed—
Weep for the living, not the dead.
The moon, with pale and sickly beam,
Looked down upon the carnage seen:
The breeze in fitful moans was heard,
And loudly shrieked the carrion bird,
As if exulting o'er its prey
On the red field of Monterey.
Now tolled the solemn midnight bell,
To many a soul a parting knell:
The warrior started at the sound;—
His war-stained sword was quickly drawn,
As if the foeman's blast had blown;
Then all was silence, deep, profound.
Who hath not seen the threatening cloud
Come like a black and dismal shroud?—
The warring elements contend,
As if in wrath the sky to rend.
Who hath not watched the lightning's flash,
And heard the mighty thunder's crash?

The nodding pine, the giant oak,
Must fall beneath its fearful stroke.
Thus, when in battle stern arrayed,
Fierce gleams the warrior's deadly blade,
That weapon, by a single blow,
May lay the bravest hero low.
O! who could pass unheeded by
Th' encumbered field where thousands lie?
Or who the falling tear would stay,
By Pity dropped o'er Monterey?
How many a youth, of talents rare,
Hath in a moment perished there!
And he who sought a deathless name
Hears not the echo of his fame;
His heart, with high emotions filled,
Hath ceased to beat, each pulse is stilled.
The faithful son of Mexico
That fell beneath Columbia's blow,
Lies pale beside his dreaded foe.
Their glazing eyes malignant met,
Ere the last ray of life had set;
They hated till their feeble breath
Was stifled by the hand of death.

CANTO II.

DEDICATED TO J. W. G. C.

O COULD I snatch from the chill blight of time
One little flower that in thy path might bloom,
Alas! the fairest wreaths that mortals twine
Bear the sad impress of an early tomb.

Oh! how we love, in solitude unbroken,
To linger on some well remembered voice,
That to the heart one soothing word hath spoken,
When grief oppressing, robbed it of its joys.

Can I forget how close thine anxious ear
Hath bent to catch the sufferer's faintest sigh?
Can I forget how oft the gathering tear
Hath trembled in thy mild expressive eye?

This harp perchance may lose its charms for thee,
Its strings may broken and neglected be,
Yet till the torch of feeling cease to burn
Thy name shall live in memory's sacred urn.

Farewell! yet stay, there is a simple flower,
That I have gathered from earth's greenest spot;
It long hath blossomed in affection's bower,
Then take it—'tis the sweet Forget-me-not.

On the green margin of a rill,
Whose crystal waters calm and still,
Meandering through a valley fair,
Were lost in quiet murmurs there,
A cottage stood, half hid from view
By the tall trees that 'round it grew.
In years gone by beneath their shade
A brother and a sister played—
Their widowed mother's only joy.
She looked upon her darling boy,
Then closer to her bosom pressed
Her precious charge, and wept, and blessed,
And prayed that heaven would deign to spare
The objects of her tender care;—
That their young hearts might never know
The sorrow she had known—the woe.
Oh! if our sun shone ever bright—
We knew not of affliction's night—
If cankering thorns were never strown,

But blossoms decked our path alone;
If hearts were ever fond and true,
And friendship's smiles no changes knew;
Too much our thoughts were centred here,
'Mid scenes so lovely and so dear.
'Twas spring—the winter's storms were o'er;
That mother's heart was glad once more;
For they who in her arms once slept,
And o'er whose cradle she had wept,
Now to maturer years had grown;—
She felt that she was not alone—
Yet there were moments when the past
A shadow o'er her spirit cast.
Oh! chide her not if memory's tear
Would sometimes tremble in her eye;
And thoughts of one she held most dear
Awoke too oft the unbidden sigh.
And though affection gently strove
To smoothe for her each rugged spot,
The depths of grief 'twas hers to prove,
A grief that could not be forgot.
"Dear mother," Edward oft would say,
"What can we do to chase away
The gloom that on thy brow I see?
It grieves poor Isabel and me.
Think not thy happy days are o'er;—

No, dearest mother ! smile once more.
Thy comfort still our care shall be,
Thou liv'st for us and we for thee."
'Twas eve, and from that vine-clad cot
Young Edward to a favorite spot
Had wandered forth to gather there
A chaplet for his sister's hair ;—
The task complete, he turned away,
And homeward bent his steps again.
As near a wood he chanced to stray,
He caught the echo of a lay,
And wondered whence the music came.
Ah ! would that he had never known
The voice that breathed that thrilling tone !
For if his lips no vow had spoken
A trusting heart had not been broken.
He wandered to that grove once more,—
Heard the sweet echo as before,
And the soft glance of Lucy's eye
First taught his youthful heart to sigh.
They met, they parted, met again ;—
To them that lone retreat became
A hallowed place ; they loved its shade,
Where balmy zephyrs nightly played,
And Nature's dewy tears were wept
O'er flowers that in this shadow slept.

Unmindful of each busy care,
The moments flew unheeded there;
Or lost in a delicious dream,
The longest hours but moments seem.
For there affection's smiles were shed,
And time passed by with softest tread.
One lovely morn by Edward's side
The blushing Lucy stood his bride,
And from her lips the solemn word
By many an anxious ear was heard;—
For ever his! till death should part
The links that bound them heart to heart.
Now fervently the humble prayer
Ascended to the throne of God,
That he would bless the youthful pair,
And guard from ill the path they trod.
In that brief moment who can tell
The thoughts of gentle Isabel?
For oh! she never felt till then
How dear to her had Edward been.
And should he err, would Lucy chide,
Or strive like her his faults to hide?—
Would Lucy's heart for him alone
Beat ever warmly like her own?
How oft is friendship but a name!
A look, a word, may break its chain;

Still 'round some kindred heart we twine
As clings the ivy to the vine;
A brother's heart may faithless prove,
But naught can crush a sister's love.
Whate'er a brother's faults may be
A faithful monitor is she;—
Though steeped in guilt that brother's name,
She weeps, and loves him still the same;
And from the world's cold glance conceals
The pangs *her* aching bosom feels.

CANTO III.

DEDICATED TO J. F. C.

Far, far on the pinions of fancy I strayed,
To a land where the Muses their bowers had made;
Where the harp of affection for ever is heard,
As it blends with the notes of the Paradise bird.

How swift was my flight to that region so fair,
No cloud dimmed the sunshine, no sorrow was there:
I looked on a flower which a dewdrop impearled;
Its leaves by the breath of a zephyr were curled.

A voice gently said, "wouldst thou bear it to Earth,
This amaranth blossom of Heavenly birth?
Then go, but remember, wherever thou art,
This innocent flower hath its home in the heart."

I eagerly seized it:—on wings light and free
I hastened to bear it in beauty to thee.
Dear friend, it is thine; and wherever thou art,
May it bloom as it now does—fresh in thy heart.

Oh! man, by nature formed to reign
Lord of Creation's wide domain!
Why should ambition's mad control
The nobler feelings of thy soul
Hold captive—like a tyrant's chain?
Yes, thou the battle-field wouldst tread
In search of what?—A wreath of fame
To deck thy grave when thou art dead!
Kind reader, wouldst thou trace with me
Our hero's mournful destiny?
For truth demands I must unfold
A tale I fain would leave untold.
Hark! 'tis the fearful voice of war
Now calls Columbia's sons from far!
A Nation's wrongs for vengance call—
The haughty Mexican must fall.
That voice on Edward's ear hath broke,
And in his restless soul awoke
A stern resolve, whose strength and power
Grew firmer with each passing hour.
"'Tis done," he cries. "My home, farewell!
I go my country's foes to quell;—
And if the hand of fate hath sealed
My doom upon the battle-field,
I'll meet it with a spirit brave!
Yes, mine shall be the warrior's grave!

I dread—and yet I scarce know why—
To meet the glance of Lucy's eye;
She'll not reproach me, but her heart
Will writhe beneath the cruel smart
My words inflict; how can I bear
To see her look of mute despair?
My mother and my sister too—
Can I those sacred ties undo?
Ties that are dear as life to me!
Away these thoughts—it must not be:
No, no, they shall not rend my heart,
Or I would play the coward's part.
Now let my task be quickly done,
A task I would, but cannot shun;
This secret I must now reveal,
'Twere madness longer to conceal!"
Reader, if thou hast ever known
The pangs a parting moment brings;
If thou hast heard the last sad tone
Die on affection's broken strings—
Let fancy to thy mind convey
A scene no language can portray;
And if a tear should stain thy cheek,
Think not the world will deem thee weak.
Now dawns the morn—its cheerful light
But mocks the gloom of sorrow's night.

It brings no joy to those who weep—
The night had brought no gentle sleep:
They feel yet deeper than before,
That the last ray of hope is o'er.
There was no tear in Lucy's eye,
For grief, alas! that fount had sealed;
She spoke not, but a stifled sigh
The anguish of her heart revealed.
One fond embrace, one last farewell
From the pale lips of Isabel;
A mother's blessing on her child—
He heard, and though he faintly smiled,
'Twas forced: his heart was breaking then,
He *felt* they ne'er should meet again.

* * * * * * *

Behold him where the dismal cry
Of strife and battle rend the sky;
And as the rival troops advance,
He marks his General's steady glance,
And feels that hero's eye of fire
With energy his soul inspire.
But see! he falls! a fatal blow
Hath in a moment laid him low.
He gasps!—the life-blood streaming fast
Tells that *this* struggle is his last.
Quick from the field his form they bore,

And all their comrade's fate deplore ;
And o'er that youthful soldier's bier
E'en Taylor bent and dropped a tear.
But when the tidings reached his cot,
His gentle Lucy heard them not ;
For she had passed from earth away,
And with his aged mother lay,
Beneath an oak tree's quiet shade,
Where once a happy child he played.
And Isabel alone was left—
Of every kindred tie bereft.
And oft her wandering thoughts would stray
To him who fell at Monterey ;
Till death her spirit hushed to peace,
And bade the orphan's sorrows cease.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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TIME CHRONICLED IN A SKULL.*

Why should I fear it? Once the pulse of life
Throbbed in these temples, pale and bloodless now.
Here reason sat enthroned, its empire held
O'er infant thought and thought to action grown:
A flashing eye in varying glances told
The secret workings of immortal mind.
The vital spark hath fled, and hope, and love,
And hatred—all are buried in the dust;
Forgotten, like the cold and senseless clay
That lies before me: such is human life.
Mortals, behold and read your destiny!
Faithful chronometer, which now I place

* A skull was once put into my hand in which I placed a watch.

Within this cavity, with faltering hand,
Tell me how swift the passing moments fly!
I hear thy voice, and tremble as I hear;—
For time and death are blended—awful thought!
Death claims his victim. Time, that once was his,
Bearing him onward with resistless power,
Must in a vast eternity be lost.
Eternity! duration infinite!
Ages on ages roll unnumbered there;
From star to star the soul enraptured flies,
Drinking new beauties, transports ever new,
Casting its crown of glory at His feet,
Whose word from chaos to existence called
A universe; whose hand omnipotent
Controls the storms that wake the boundless deep,
"And guides the planet in its wild career."

THE INDIAN MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

I saw an Indian mother,
With her long, dark, waving hair ;
And cradled on her arm there slept
An infant young and fair.
Many had gathered 'round her,
And beauty on her smiled,
But lovelier than all who looked
Was that young Indian child.

Speak kindly to the red man,—
Oh ! scorn ye not his race ;
Remember that our favored land
Was once his dwelling-place.
We drove him from his rightful home,
And with false words beguiled,
And now there is no home for him,
Nor for his infant child.

Speak kindly to the red man,—
There's sadness on his brow ;

His heart with grief is breaking,
Oh! soothe its anguish now.
Let not his dark skin fright thee,
Nor his manner, seeming wild;
There is a heart of tenderness
In Nature's hapless child.

THE BLIND HARPER.

They passed him by with hurried steps,—
A gay and busy throng;
They passed him by, nor paused to hear
The son of Erin's song.

The passing breeze his white locks swayed,
His eyes with age were dim;
The mid-day sun in splendor shone,
But not, alas! for him.

Far from his own green ocean-isle,
Of home and friends bereft,

The old man leaned upon his harp,—
All that to him was left.

As o'er the strings his fingers strayed,
Sad tears were falling fast;
For, oh! their every tone but seemed
An echo of the past.

"Ah me!" he sighed, "what mean these tears?
I as a child am weak!"
Then buried in his shrivelled hand
His pale and care-worn cheek.

I saw they coldly passed him by,
That gay and busy throng;
But there was one who turned to hear
That son of Erin's song.

Her heart with gentle pity moved,
She wiped a tear away,
As plaintive on her ear there fell
A simple melody.

"Dear isle of the ocean, how oft have I sported
Amid thy green hills and thy valleys so fair!
To the banks of the Shannon how oft have resorted,
And plucked the sweet daisy and green shamrock there!

"Oh! never again shall my wild harp awaken
Its soft-breathing numbers on Erin's bright shore;
The cot of my father, alas! is forsaken;
The home of my youth I'll revisit no more.

"Farewell, O my country! dear isle of the ocean;
I'm weary of life and I pine to be free:
When to Heaven I offer my latest devotion,
I will not forget to make mention of thee."

He ceased, and quickly to his side
That gentle maiden came;
Long had she gazed, and much she wished
To ask the stranger's name.

"Sire!" she said: the old man turned
His sightless eyes around;
For oh! to him a voice so kind
Seemed an unearthly sound.

"Sire! that thrilling lay had waked
My deepest sympathy;—
And hast thou not one kindred heart
To feel or care for thee?"

"No, lady; no! I am alone,
Far from my native shore;

And those who loved me dearly once
I live but to deplore.

"The morn I left that sunny isle
I never can forget;
My broken-hearted mother's kiss,
Lady, I feel it yet.

And then, how wildly round my neck
My only sister clung!
And soon above her silent grave
The drooping willow hung!"

"O minstrel! I can hear no more,"
The weeping maiden said;
And mournfully the old man laid
His hand upon her head.

"Go, lady, go; and evermore
O may'st thou happy be!
An old man's blessing take, 'tis all
He can bestow on thee."

The spring returned, the sylvan choir
Awoke the silent glade;

And gently through the forest trees
The balmy zephyrs played;

But the poor minstrel they had laid
Within the grave's dark cell,
Far from the land that gave him birth
And those he loved so well.

THE MISANTHROPE.

Oh! what is friendship, sympathy, or love?
I have no ties in common with my race,
For from my cradle I have learned to feel
The bitter truth—"there is no trust in man."
Yes, e'en my Mother—she who gave me birth—
Could from her breast the helpless infant spurn,
And when I smiled and stretched my tiny arms
To clasp her neck, she did not smile again,
But thrust me from her, and with haughty air
Would bid me to the nursery away.
Thus were my young affections in the bud
By coldness withered, deadened by neglect.

One morning I had wandered from my home
To a green bank, and sat me down to weep,
When suddenly I looked upon a flower—
Its folded leaves just opening to the breeze
That careless sported with its artless smile,—
Then passed it by. As o'er its form I knelt,
And kissed its velvet cheek with tears empearled,
Alas! I thought, its fate how like my own!—
I loved it for its very loneliness—
And when it drooped beneath a scorching sun
My heart was wrung with anguish; to my lips
A murmur rose, the murmur of despair.
The only object I had ever loved
Was lost, and I again was desolate.
I sought the quiet mansion of the dead—
And as I gazed in thoughtful mood around,
I envied those who slept forgotten there.
Forgotten! yes, the world can soon forget—
A death-bed scene but short impression makes—
We gather round the couch of those we love
(If love indeed e'er grew on human soil);
We madly press the clay-cold lips with ours,
We mourn a being perished from the shrine
Where we had held it in idolatry.
Imaginary woes oppress us most,
But real grief comes not with real cause.

Passion enslaves—Ambition rules the mind,
And leaves but space for momentary tears.
There came a voice of sorrow on mine ear;—
I paused, I listened;—by a moss-grown grave
A gentle girl was kneeling—on her breast
Her trembling hands in agony were clasped,
Her eyes uplifted to the cloudless heaven,
Glanced hurriedly among the starry train,
As if, reflected in their pale soft light,
A mother's look of tenderness she read.
And who, I thought, when I shall cease to be,
Will shed one tear o'er Julian's lonely grave?
She was an orphan—I was by her side—
And on that sacred spot to her I breathed
The first, the only vow that e'er my heart
Had dared to utter in a mortal ear—
My cup of bliss was full, yet from my lips
Was dashed ere I had half its sweetness drained.
She died as die the innocent, the good;
And as her gentle spirit died away—
Julian, she murmured, we shall meet again,—
Then closed her eyes to sleep the sleep of death.
Hear me, ye silent watchers of the night!
To you alone my sad complaint I make;—
Ye rocks! that echo back my plaintive moans,
Hide in your caverns deep my secret grief!

Farewell to hope, to joy, to life farewell,
Fate, thou hast done thy work! thy victim now,
I only ask a quick release from earth;
Oh! grant it, Heaven, in mercy to a heart
Whose every chord is broken, and who sighs
To find at last a resting-place in peace!

ON THE WRECK OF THE SWALLOW.

APRIL 7, 1845.

The Swallow, light as Eden's bird,
Swept o'er the mighty Hudson's breast,
And smiling on the silver wave,
The star of evening seemed to rest.

Amid her spacious cabins shed
Full many a lamp its brilliant ray;
And there in conversation sat
The young, the lovely, and the gay.

Hope twined a wreath for many a brow,
And pleasure beamed in many an eye;

Perhaps some gentle lay beguiled
The moments swiftly flitting by.

On, on she speeds her rapid course;
But hark! a crash! a dreadful shock!
What mean those loud and piercing shrieks?
She strikes upon the sunken rock!

What consternation, what dismay
Depicted on each ghastly face!
As frantic to the deck they rush,
Locked in each other's wild embrace.

"My friends," the captain calmly said,
"Be not dismayed—your fears allay;"
At this the trembling star of hope
Shone with a momentary ray.

Peace and tranquillity restored,
They to the cabin all retire;
But ere 'tis reached, Oh God! a shriek
More loud is heard, of fire! fire!

The wreathing flames, with awful glare,
Illume the dark and angry sky;
The tempest raves; ah! who can paint
That scene of keenest agony!

A husband clasped his lovely wife,
While fear convulsed her trembling frame,
And plunging in the boiling tide,
They struggled long the shore to gain;

But oh! she perished!—in his arms
The light of life had passed away;
And sleeping in her watery tomb,
He left in watery grave her clay.

One they have rescued from the deep;—
But why that troubled, restless air?
"Save *her!*" he cried; "think not of me!
She was committed to my care."

He pointed to a female form
That floated senseless on the wave;
"Leave me to perish! fly to her!
And snatch her from a threatened grave!"

Two noble steamers side by side
Are at a distance faintly seen;
They near the wreck, and hope revives
In hearts where keen despair has been.

Thanks to a Providence divine
Two hundred passengers they save;

But, bitter thought! full many sleep
Beneath the Hudson's rolling wave.

Yet when the last loud trump shall sound,
And earth and sea yield up their dead,
These slumbering ones to life restored,
Shall rise and leave their watery bed.

SPEAK NOT HARSHLY.

Speak not harshly when reproving
Those from duty's path who stray;
If we would reclaim the erring
Kindness must each action sway.

Speak not harshly to the wayward;—
Win their confidence—their love;
They will feel how pure the motive
That hath led us to reprove.

Speak not harshly to the stranger,
Though he come in humble guise;

Think how slight a thing would kindle
Gladness in a stranger's eyes.

Speak not harshly to the felon,
Though like adamant his heart;
Touch one chord of fond affection,
And the scalding tear may start.

Speak not harshly to the orphan,
They have borne of grief their share;
Add not to their heavy burden,
Add not to corroding care.

Speak not harshly, was the precept
Which to man the Saviour taught;—
May that precept ever guide us—
Gentle words will cost us naught.

MORNING.

Oh! 'tis a glorious morn!—the golden sun,
Just peeping from his orient chambers, calls
On nature to rejoice and banish sleep.
Up! cast the drapery of thy couch aside,
Nor waste in slumber precious hours like these;
To the blue sky above thee lift thine eyes,
Lovely as when its Maker's voice divine
Did first its birth proclaim, and the bright stars
In heavenly concert swelled their notes of praise.
Go forth where Nature's bounteous hand hath strown
Her choicest beauties—her luxuriant flowers,
Wet with the tears which night hath o'er them wept;
Wooed by the gentle zephyr's fond caress,
They rear their blushing heads, and smiling greet
In silent eloquence the fair young morn.
Oh! could we with the gloomy shades of night
Chase the dark clouds of sorrow from the brow,—
Could pure affection feel no withering blight,
But heart to heart in one sweet tie be linked—
How were the soul content to fold her wings
And dwell for ever 'mid such loveliness.

But earth is not our home—its fairest scenes
Entrance but with a momentary joy;—
A few short months, and the green spot thou tread'st
Will smile no more, nor gentle flower be seen,
Nor carol sweet of the aerial choir
In that deserted wild will charm thine ear.
Thus the most sacred ties of human love
By death's cold hand are broken one by one.
"Friend after friend departs;"—with mournful tread
We bear them to the narrow house of clay;—
And to our hearts comes home the solemn truth,
We are but dust—to dust we shall return.

OH! TURN NOT FROM THE WEEPING ONE.

Oh! turn not from the weeping one
Whose heart is wrung with grief,
A tender look, a soothing word,
Might give that heart relief.

Nay, turn not from the weeping one,
For oh! ye little know

How bitter was the agony
That caused those tears to flow.

We are not always happiest
When we are heard to sing;
The gayest notes we warble
May thoughts of sadness bring.

The step elastic still may be,
The lip a smile impart,
And joy seem sparkling in the eye
While sorrow rends the heart.

Then turn not from the weeping one,
Whose heart with grief oppressed,
Would lose its anguish for a while
On pity's gentle breast.

Nay, turn not from the weeping one,
For little do ye know
How bitter was the agony
That caused those tears to flow.

"HOPE ON, HOPE EVER."

"Hope on, hope ever"—Earth is not so drear,
Nor life a comfortless and empty dream;
The darkest clouds that gather o'er us here
Are not the harbingers we sometimes deem;
For lo! how brilliant the returning ray,
As one by one their shadows pass away!

"Hope on, hope ever"—Is thy heart bereft
Of all that rendered life once dear to thee?
Amid the wreck the quenchless spark is left,
Whose light, though feeble, shall thy beacon be.
Though death's cold hand some kindred tie may sever,
Still let thy motto be "Hope on, hope ever."

"Hope on, hope ever"—Weary and oppressed,
Care's pallid seal stamped on thy sunken cheek,
There is a haven of eternal rest
Whose sacred joy no mortal tongue can speak.
Look upward in thine hour of dark despair—
Hope points to Heaven, and drops her anchor there.

THE DYING DAUGHTER.

Oh, Mother! I am dying,
But ere these life-strings break,
I fain would look a last adieu
On yonder glassy lake
Upon whose banks I've sported,
When my heart was light and free,
And where my young companions
Have twined their wreaths for me.

The golden sun is sinking
Beneath the crimson west,
The birds have sung their evening song,
And lulled their young to rest.
Then bear me to the window,
In health my favorite place—
For I would gaze ere life depart
On Nature's lovely face.

The Ivy and the Woodbine
Cling round the leafy bower;
Where by the gushing fountain's side
I've planted many a flower;—

Clad in their vernal beauty
From Winter's night they wake,
But I must leave them all, mother,—
Oh! keep them for my sake.

The lute you love so dearly,
Now, gentle mother, bring;
And the little song you taught me,
I'll try once more to sing.
Too many thoughts of other days
Oppress me while I play,
Forgive these flowing tears, mother,
And take the lute away.

I know that I am dying—
The cold damp's on my brow,
And sister spirits call me
To their blissful mansions now.
They're waiting to conduct me
To their bright, happy bowers;
But I'll not forget *thee*, mother,
In that starry home of ours.

And when you've gently laid me
In the silent grave to sleep,

I'll on the zephyr's wing return,
And tell thee not to weep.
A mist is gathering o'er me,
Oh! mother, fare thee well!
I come, I come, ye Seraph band!
My voice with yours to swell.

A VISIT TO A FIXED STAR.

'Twas night, and by a fountain side
I stood and mused alone:
Strange objects rose upon my sight
That were to me unknown.

Mysterious forms fantastic moved,
With slow and measured tread,
Like shadows floating in the air,
Or spectres from the dead.

A goblet from that fountain filled,
How quickly did I drain!
For those who taste its cooling draught
May live the past again.

Then suddenly a meteor glare
Flashed from the midnight sky;
'Twas gone,—and on immensity
Was riveted mine eye.

Borne upward by a power unseen,
In air I seemed to glide;
Onward—still onward—was my course:
A spirit was my guide.

We passed on never tiring wings
Through boundless realms of space,
Till lost amid those clustering stars
That here we scarce can trace.

Vast suns, with burning satellites,
Burst on my wondering eyes:
Bewildered by their dazzling light,
I gazed in mute surprise.

"Tell me, celestial one," I said,
"If thou mayest be addressed,
Are not the brilliant orbs I see
The dwellings of the blest?—

"Can we the utmost limits reach?—
The heights of space attain?"

"When ends eternity," he cried,
"And Heaven shall cease to reign."

He spoke, then pointed to a star,
That far beyond us lay;
And swifter than on lightning's wing
We thither bent our way.

In robes of passing loveliness
Was Nature there arrayed;
The air was fragrant with the breath
Of flowers that never fade.

"Spirit," I asked, "can aught of grief
These regions fair molest?
My pinions gladly would I fold
In this bright land to rest."

"Mortal," he answered, "thou must pass
The portals of the dead;
For sacred are these verdant fields,
Where only spirits tread."

He ceased; then waved me back to earth:
I saw, I heard no more.
I woke as from a pleasing dream;
The mystic spell was o'er.

LINES TO MY MOTHER

ON MY BIRTHDAY.

My birth-day eve is gone, mother;
Say, didst thou think of me?
Each moment while I counted o'er,
My thoughts were all on thee.

And oft I wished thee here, mother,
Our social group to join;
For I long to clasp thine hand, mother,
And on thy breast recline.

My birth-day eve is gone, mother;
The future who can know?
Oh! will my buoyant heart, as now,
With gladness still o'erflow?

Or will its trembling strings, mother,
Speak but a mournful tone?
And I, of all I love bereft,
Weep wretched and alone?

My birth-day eve is gone, mother;
Friends gather round me now,
And they are sad whene'er they mark
A shadow on my brow.

They sing my favorite lays, mother,
And many an hour beguile;
For they are dear as life to me—
I live but in their smile.

Yet, one by one, ere long, mother,
Will they all pass away;
And in this world, when they are gone,
I could not, would not stay.

My birth-day eve is gone, mother;
Yes, thou didst think of me:
And I will gently sink to sleep,
And dream of home and thee.

TO A BROTHER GOING TO CALIFORNIA.

Do not ask these lips to utter
What my heart can ne'er approve ;
I would break the spell that thralls thee,
With a sister's fondest love.

In thy breast high hopes are swelling,
Visions bright of future years ;
But to me how dark the picture!
Full of anxious thoughts and fears.

Thou wilt say my fears are groundless,
And perhaps it may be so ;—
Mine may be a selfish feeling,
But I cannot *bid* thee go.

Thou whose kind reproof has saved me
Many an hour of deep regret—
Thou whose voice hath soothed and cheered me—
No ! I cannot lose thee yet!

But I fear that I may wrong thee,
While I bid thee linger here ;

Go! and, if I must resign thee,
God protect thee, brother dear!

I will hush each sad emotion,
Though thy absence give me pain;
'Tis enough—be thine the treasure
Thou wilt lose so much to gain.

AN ADDRESS,

DELIVERED AT AN EXHIBITION IN BROOKLYN, NOVEMBER, 1848.

All hail to thee, Brooklyn! With a rapture untold,
Our voices united thy beauties unfold,
Far, far on the night-breeze our numbers shall sweep,
While the Star-spirit looks on the foam-crested deep.

All hail to thee, Brooklyn! twin-sister and friend!
Thou City of Churches, whose tall spires ascend
And point to the home of the pure and the blest,
Where is hushed the wild throb of the care-stricken breast.

Events of the past to my mem'ry return,
And the patriot fire in my bosom doth burn;
The old Revolution rolls back its dread scenes,
And before me the sword of the Conqueror gleams.

But where are the captured, the wronged, the oppressed?
Their bones thou hast gathered, and laid them to rest.
Thy tears, lovely Brooklyn, still verdant shall keep
The grave where those heroes now quietly sleep.

I visit thy Greenwood;—how peaceful its shade.
I stand by the grave where a poet was laid;—
And read on the white sculptured marble, his name,
And his own simple lines,—oh, how touching the strain!

In life he was shunned, and despised was his worth—
But what to him now *all* the plaudits of Earth?
Death circled his brow, when he pillowed it there,
With a garland of fame which he deigned not to wear.

Poor M'Donald! Oh! scorn not the grave where he lies!
Poor M'Donald! in pity my spirit replies.
I turned from the spot, and in sadness I strayed
Where a stranger lay sleeping—a young Indian maid.

I heard the soft sound of the clear sylvan lake,
And the wild birds that love the dark grove to wake;

Oh, dearer, far dearer to me was their tone,
As it mingled its note with the wind's fitful moan.

All hail to thee, Brooklyn! now bear me away
To thy heights, where in grandeur yon wide-spreading bay
Reflects like a mirror the sun's golden light,
And the white sail is seen on its bosom so bright.

LET ME DIE ON THE PRAIRIE.

Let me die on the prairie! and o'er my rude grave,
In the soft breeze of summer the tall grass shall wave;
I would breathe my last sigh as the bright hues of even
Are melting away in the blue arch of Heaven.

Let me die on the prairie! unwept and unknown,
I would pass from this fair Earth forgotten, alone;—
Yet no!—there are hearts I have learned to revere,
And methinks there is bliss in affection's warm tear.

Oh, speak not to me of the green cypress shade;
I would sleep where the bones of the Indian are laid,

And the deer will bound o'er me with step light and free,
And the carol of birds will my requiem be.

Let me die on the prairie! I have wished for it long;
There floats in wild numbers the bold hunter's song;
'Tis the spot of all others the dearest to me,
And how sweet in its bosom my slumber will be!

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MAJOR RINGGOLD.

They bore him from the battle-field
And clash of arms away;
Extended on a lowly couch,
The dying hero lay.

The life-blood issues from the wound—
All human aid is vain;—
A faithful band in silence weeps
Their brave commander slain.

Through foemen's ranks he proudly rode,
They marked his lofty brow;
His keen dark eye had defiance flashed;—
But oh! he has fallen now.

He beckoned to one who near him stood—
Leaned his head on his friendly breast,
And then in accents weak and low,
These words to him addressed.

"I know that life is ebbing fast;
All, all will soon be o'er;—
My Country! I have fought for thee,
But I fight for thee no more.

"And when these eyes in death are closed,
And tolls my funeral knell,
To Cadwal'der and his brave corps,
Bear thou my last farewell."

LINES ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL CLAY.

Lo! on the bloodstained battle-field
A wounded hero lying!
Dim is the lustre of his eye—
For he, alas! is dying.

See how with feeble hand he grasps
The sword so faithful ever!
Now drops the weapon by his side,
To be resumed—no, never.

Oh, gallant Clay! though for thy brow
Its laurels fame is wreathing,—
Vain trophies these, thy bosom now
Its last faint sigh is heaving.

Back! tyrants! would ye deeper make
The wounds already given?
You from an aged father's heart
Another tie have riven.

Intrepid Warrior! thou hast left
A deathless name behind thee;

That name unsullied, bright shall shine,
Though the dark grave may hide thee.

Thou by thy General's side hast fought,
And Taylor will deplore thee ;
And many a heart that loved thee dear
Will weep in silence o'er thee.

A PHYSICIAN'S THOUGHTS.

Oh, warble not that song of home—
Its plaintive notes are dear,
But oh ! they wake on memory's strings
A chord I may not hear.
Now silent night, o'er hill and dale
Its dusky mantle throws,
And flow'rets by the zephyrs lulled
On Earth's green lap repose.
And in the blue etherial heaven
Smiles many a star serene,
There the bright moon in splendor rolls—
How lovely is the scene.

'Twas on a night like this—so still,
So calm did nature seem—
The winds in ocean caves were hushed,
And the same silvery beam,
Which now I watch with eager eye
So beautiful and mild,
In fair Savannah's distant clime
Looked forth and on me smiled.
I saw it not; for on a couch,
The cold and lifeless clay
Of Allen Lee, my bosom friend,
Alas! before me lay.
Long had I watched the hectic flush
That tinged his pallid cheek;
It told the melancholy truth
I felt, yet dare not speak.
I bore him to that genial clime
To breathe its balmy air,
And o'er him day and night I watched
With all a brother's care.
Who the solicitude can paint
Of a physician's breast,
As o'er a patient's couch he bends
With torturing fears oppressed;—
The weeping relatives around
Beseeching him to save

A brother or a darling child
From the dark threatening grave.
But if no relative is near,
And skill disease defies,
A stranger in a distant land,
The sinking sufferer lies,—
Intrusted solely to his care
By friends and kindred dear,—
Then if his efforts prove in vain,
His anguish how severe!
Such was my lot, and such the grief
Intense my heart that wrung;
When on the friend I dearly loved
Death's hand its work had done.
A moment ere from earth away
His tranquil spirit fled,
He warmly clasped my hand in his
And thus to me he said:—
"My more than brother, fare thee well!
I leave thee for a while,
Death has no terror to my mind,
I meet it with a smile;
Yet there is something I would ask,
Grant me my last request;
Oh! leave me not to moulder here,
Where stranger ashes rest;

But in my own dear native land,
Oh! let my grave be made;
Close to my childhood's happy home
Beneath some friendly shade.
Say to my mother I have gone
Triumphant to the sky,
With the angelic host to spend
A blest eternity.
To Mary,—ever faithful wife,
To her this pleasing relic bear,
And bid her near her gentle heart
Her Allen's image wear."
He paused, and wiped away the tear
That trembled in his eye.
"Now on thy bosom lay my head,
For oh! I there would die."
Peaceful as in its mother's arms
The babe is lulled to sleep,
He closed on earth his languid eyes
And left me there to weep.
Then thoughts of home and all its joys
O'er my lone spirit came;
A minstrel 'neath my window sang
An old familiar strain;
And did I in that land remote
List to those accents dear?

Oh! 'twas too much. "Home! sweet, sweet home!"
I could not, dared not hear.
I paced the room with hurried steps,
My throbbing temples pressed;
Conflicting feelings, strong and deep,
Were struggling in my breast.
The music ceased, and as the tones
Of that old melody,
Soft as the balmy breath of eve,
Died on mine ear away,
I looked upon the lifeless form
Of that departed one,
And thought on what a brittle thread
Is man's existence hung.

* * * * * * *

The "Lafayette," a noble ship,
Was anchored in the bay;
My precious charge, with mournful step,
Thither did I convey.
Four weary days and sleepless nights
Of agony I passed,
When I beheld—thrice welcome sight!
The destined port at last.
With feelings I can ne'er describe,
I reached his mother's door;
All was soon told, and the first gush

Of bitter sorrow o'er,
She raised her trembling hands to Heaven
As if in silent prayer ;
"O God !" in broken tones she cried,
"Teach me thy stroke to bear !"
And in the rural spot he chose
They laid him down to sleep,
And oft at evening's quiet hour
They wander there to weep.
Then warble not that song of home,
Its plaintive notes are dear ;
But oh ! they wake on memory's strings
A chord I may not hear.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT AN EXHIBITION OF A JOINT DELEGATION OF PUPILS FROM THE MASSACHUSETTS, PENNSYLVANIA, AND NEW YORK INSTITUTIONS FOR THE BLIND, BEFORE CONGRESS, APRIL 29TH, 1846.

LAND of our patriot sires, Columbia, hail!
On thy green shores blooms the immortal tree
By them once planted, and from North to South,
From East to West its lofty branches spread,
And to its top the daring eagle soars.
O Land of Liberty, blest be thy name!
Here sleep the mighty dead, thy heroes brave,
Who pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their all,
The glorious cause of Freedom to defend.
Lo, high in air thy banner proudly floats,
Thy peerless deeds by distant nations sung,—
What tyrant power shall dare thy rights invade?
While in our Union's Capital we stand,
That bears the Father of our Country's name,—
A name where each ennobling virtue blends,—

Well may each breast the flame heroic fire.
Hail! Freemen, hail! ye rulers of our land,
Assembled here in one united band,
From every State you come ;—where granite cliffs
Majestic frown along New England's shore,—
Where Victory perched on Saratoga's height,—
Where Susquehanna cheers her smiling vales
And where, like billows on old Ocean's breast,
The rolling prairie in the night-breeze waves ;—
And valor sends her offspring from the South.
This evening in your presence we appear,
To prove benevolence not vain, which bid
A ray of knowledge on our minds to shine,
And ask of you to lend some brighter rays.
Oh! turn not from this sightless group away,
Whose eyes in vain are lifted to your own,
One glance to meet; but all to us is dark.
Yon orb majestic, whose effulgent ray
All nature cheers—alas! we cannot see ;
Nor tree, nor flower, nor the meand'ring stream,
Which gently murmurs through the rural dale ;—
We but the fragrance breathe, the murmurs hear.
And, like the natural, must the mental eye
Be shrouded ever in perpetual night?
Ah no! the mind unfettered may expand,

On her light wing far distant realms explore,
And deeply drink of the Pierian spring.
Nine States to you their sightless children send
From homes Philanthropy for them hath reared;
One sacred link hath bound us heart to heart,
And in one common cause we all unite.
Nor for ourselves alone the boon we ask,—
We plead for all whom mental darkness veils,
Who sigh to share the blessings we enjoy.
You who have hearts to feel and eyes to see
The noble works of nature and of art,
You cannot coldly our petitions spurn;
One word of yours can thousands happy make,—
Then speak it,—we implore you, speak it now!

TO THE PRESIDENT.

Our President! we humbly turn to thee;—
Are not the blind the objects of thy care?
Do they not claim thy tender sympathy?
We know thy influence doth wide extend,
Oh! then for us that influence exert;—
The generous act shall angel hands record,
And God the All-seeing shall behold and bless.
Thou hast not on this circle gazed unmoved;—

The chord must vibrate swept by pity's hand,—
Oh yes, e'en now its thrilling tones are heard!
Softly on eager, listening ears they fall,
And to the sightless tell of hope and joy.

AN APPEAL FOR ERIN IN HER DISTRESS.

To thee, Columbia! favored clime,
From Erin comes a bitter cry;
Oh! must she still with hunger pine,
Her famished sons by thousands die?

O gracious Heaven! who can portray
Those scenes of wretchedness and woe?
The heart grows faint, and turns away,
While tears for suffering Erin flow.

Convulsive to her throbbing breast
The mother clasps her starving child,
And heavily by want oppressed
Thy aid implores with anguish wild.

Canst thou those generous hearts forget,
That warmly beat and fought for thee?
Alas! those radiant stars have set,
Yet by their sacred memory,

Oh! aid the land that gave them birth,
Her cheerful smile again restore,
And prove how dearly prized the worth
Of noble heroes now no more.

TO MISS W. ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Thy birth-day morn, how lovely
It dawns upon the eye!
It bids thee awake from slumber
To view the laughing sky.

The golden sun is rising
Majestic o'er the sea,
And nature seems to whisper
Of happiness to thee.

Thy birth-day morn, within thee
What fond emotions swell;
Thy thoughts are in a distant land,
Where friends and kindred dwell.

The mighty deep's between you,
But it can never part
One link in love's bright fetter,
That binds you heart to heart.

Thy birth-day morn—I bring thee
From her Elysian bowers,
A wreath my muse kept for thee,
Culled from her choicest flowers.

The myrtle and the ivy,
The rose and lily fair,
The dew-plant and the violet,—
But there's no cypress there.

Then take the flowers, my sister,
Meet emblems for thy brow;
Oh! might they ever blossom
As beautiful as now!

Where'er thou art, and ever,
My prayer to Heaven shall be,
That spirits kind and guardian
May gently watch o'er thee.

THE HINDOO MOTHER.

She stood upon the river's bank,
Most beautiful and young;
And loosely in the listless wind
Her raven tresses hung.

She stood upon the river's bank,
And heard its hollow moan;
While round her neck her little son
His tiny arms had thrown.

She looked into his clear blue eye,
So lovely and so mild,
While all unconscious of its fate,
The helpless infant smiled.

A moment—and its drooping head
Lay nestling on her breast,
As if an angel's melody
Were soothing it to rest.

She paused, then nearer to that stream
Her precious burden bore;
She laid it in the wave's cold arms,—
It sank to rise no more.

WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

See o'er the dark waters of yon spreading bay,
The "Vanderbilt" lightly comes sweeping its way;
A hero, the star of our Nation is there,
And the echo of music is borne on the air.

But see! like a speck on the cloudless blue sky
To yonder proud vessel an eagle doth fly;
"Say, bird of Columbia, thy wild mountain home,
Oh! why hast thou left, on the billow to roam?

The swift wind out-speeding, how fearless thy flight,
Not heeding the wind nor the wave in its might;
Then tell us whence art thou, O bold mountain king,
And why o'er that banner hast folded thy wing."

"I have come from the land of the pure and the blest,
I have come from the land where the patriots rest;
Why quivers thy lip and why mournful thy tread?
I have passed from earth's portals, weep not for the dead.

"Remember my words when the death angel came,
And my life-blood grew chilled as it coursed through each
vein;
And my trembling partner in tears o'er me bent;
Of earth 'tis my last, but to die I'm content.

"Oh thou! whom in mercy kind Heaven doth spare
To a nation that loves thee,—protect it with care;
Thy locks gently waving are silvered with grey,
And I read on that brow, thou art passing away.

"Recall not the past, though its memory be sweet;
Improve thou the present, its moments are fleet;
Farewell!—to the region no mortal may tread
My pinions now bear me,—weep not for the dead."

"PEACE, BE STILL."

When o'er the billows wild and dark,
Was rudely tossed the Saviour's bark,
He calmed them by his sovereign will,
And bade the angry storm be still.

The tempests cease—the billows sleep—
In silence on the mighty deep;
For God, omnipotent to save,
Can calm the wind and rule the wave.

Thus when tumultuous passions swell,
And we against his law rebel,
Oh! may our hearts his spirit fill,
And bid the angry storm be still.

And oh! in sorrow's gloomy hour,
Still may we own his sovereign power;
Bow meekly to his gracious will,
And bid the throbbing heart be still.

VOICE OF THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

Voice of the twilight hour!
I list to thy Heaven-breathed tone,
In the tender sigh of the closing flower,
Or the soft wind's dying moan:
Thou speak'st of the hopes that smiled
On the bright spring-time of youth,
When a mother knelt, and in language mild,
A lesson, though simple, she taught her child—
'Twas a lesson of artless truth.

Voice of the twilight hour
How sweet is thy sound to me!
For my soul is entranced by thy soothing power,
And its sorrows are lost in thee:
Thou art heard in the trembling strings
Of the harp which the breezes wake;
In the bird, as her farewell note she sings
To the golden hues which the sunset flings
O'er the breast of the silver lake.

Thou speak'st of a brighter land—
Of a far off region fair,

And thy whispers are soft of a shadowy band,
And I know that the loved are there:
Voice of the twilight hour!
Ere thy Heaven-breathed tones depart,
Oh! speak in the sigh of the closing flower,
Or the winds that die in the greenwood bower,
Once more to my anxious heart.

Do those we have cherished *here*
In that land their love forget,
Though their home is a holier, happier sphere,
Oh! say, do they guard us yet?
But the twilight answered not;
And a voice from the distant hill
Replied as I stood on that lonely spot:
The friends thou hast cherished forget thee not,
And they love and they guard thee still.

'Twas the voice of the silent night—
And the earth and the ocean slept,
And the silent stars with their mellow light
O'er nature their vigils kept.
And I thought it were bliss to die,
To fade with the tints of even,
For gladly then would the spirit fly
On its angel-wings to the realms on high,
And meet with the lost in Heaven.

THE VALE OF L——.

Oh ! vale of L——, again I descry
The scenes where so oft I have wandered before;
And weary and worn to thy bosom I fly,
Sweet vale of L——, I leave thee no more.

The moon-light is sleeping serene on thy breast,
The dew-drops like pearls in thy lily-bells lie;
The songsters have folded their pinions to rest,
And merrily dances the rivulet by.

Oh ! vale of L——, while here I repose,
I dream that life's cares and its perils are o'er,
So smoothly the current of happiness flows;
Sweet vale of L——, I leave thee no more.

THE INDIAN'S REPLY.

Child of the forest! oh! where did'st thou stray,
When cheerless and bleak was the winter day?
Where from the pitiless blast did'st thou hide?
In a cavern dark, by the mountain side?
Lone are the hills which thou lovedst to roam;
Child of the forest, where is thy home?

Where the winds blow most fiercely, there I dwell;
And they break on my soul like a funeral knell;
But I see the shade of my father there,
And he bids me be strong my lot to bear.
Though here are the hills where I love to roam,
Where the winds blow most fiercely, there is my home.

Deep are the wrongs which my race have borne,
From a land once theirs, by the white men torn;
See'st thou yon oak with its giant form?
It may bend its head to the coming storm;
It may bend—yet broken it cannot be;
Lady, kind lady, such are we.

They may bury the steel in the Indian's breast,
They may lay him low with his sires to rest,
His scattered race from their heritage push,
But his dauntless spirit they cannot crush;
For his course, like the eagle's, is bold and free,
And his heart is as firm as that old oak tree.

Lady, I sigh for that far off shore,
Where they tell me the red man shall weep no more;
I hear the great spirit whispering now
As I turn to look on thy sunny brow;
Lady, I leave thee, farewell! farewell!
Where the winds blow most fiercely, there I dwell.

ODE TO GENERAL TAYLOR.

Oh! bid Apollo strike the lyre!
Sons of Columbia, wake to song!
Let Taylor's name each breast inspire,
And loud the pealing notes prolong.
To him, who on the battle plain
Sent to each foeman's heart dismay,

We dedicate each lofty strain,
The hero brave of Monterey.

Yes, let the trumpet tongue of fame
Tell of the deeds by Taylor done;
A nation's honors crown his name,
The honors he hath justly won.
Let others seek—they cannot win
One laurel from his brow away;
We'll twine our wreaths alone for him
Who fought so brave at Monterey.

SPRING.

Lo! the rosy morning breaking,
Pours its brightness o'er the earth,
Now from peaceful slumbers waking
Haste with songs to hail its birth.
CHORUS. Hark the Hunter's horn is sounding,
O'er the distant hills rebounding.

Happy season! rich the treasure
Thou to us dost kindly bring;

Can we dream of aught but pleasure,
While we greet thee, gentle Spring!
CHORUS. Hark the Hunter's horn is sounding,
O'er the distant hills rebounding.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

I AM seeking, but vainly, a rose-bud for thee,
With the morning's young blush on its delicate cheek;
In which nature's image reflected shall be,
And whose perfume of undying friendship shall speak.

The snow-drop, the daisy, I have passed in my way,
The jessamine sleeps by yon rivulet clear;
They have oped their soft eyes to the beauties of day,
But the bud I am seeking, alas! is not here.

I asked of a sunbeam that carelessly played
With the hues it had lent to the butterfly's wing;—
Content thee to gather these blossoms, it said,
And the bud thou art seeking ere long will I bring.

I asked the light zephyr, that sportive and gay
Had stolen a sigh from the violet's breast;
But it merrily laughed as it floated away,
And sank on the bell of a lily to rest.

Then take thou this chaplet, 'twas woven for thee,
Its flowers, though simple, are lovely and meek;
Thou wilt prize them perhaps, though they humble may be,
And to-morrow the rose-bud again will I seek.

THE HUNTER'S HOME.

I LOVE to watch these rugged hills,
By Hudson's rolling wave,
When angry clouds sweep o'er the sky,
And loud the tempests rave.

I love to watch the foaming surge
That heaves its sparkling crest,
But my home, the dearest spot to me,
Is in the far, far West.

I love to climb the rocky steep,
Or in the silent glade
To wander forth in pensive thought,
When twilight shadows fade.

But the rolling prairie's wide expanse
I love—I love the best—
My home,—the dearest spot to me,
Is in the far, far West.

There fearlessly the wild deer bounds,
And blithely every morn,
The passing wind bears far away
The notes of the hunter's horn.

ON THE RECEIPT OF A LOCK OF MY BROTHER'S HAIR.

Brother, dear brother, thrice welcome to me
Is the glossy curl of thy dark brown hair,
I love it because it was part of thee,
And it tells me, I still thy affections share.

Brother, dear brother, many years have flown
Since together we chanted our vesper hymn
But I think of thee oft as I muse alone,
And the silent stars of the night grow dim.

Is thy step as buoyant, thine eye as bright,
As when the green fields of our home we ranged,
And gathered fresh flowers by the young morn's light?
Or with time's rapid current art thou too changed?

And say is our father's sweet look the same?
And our mother's smile, is it still as gay?
The thoughts that cling 'round that hallowed name
Bring tears which I cannot wipe away.

Oh! watch o'er our brother, smoothe gently his brow,
And soothing and kind let thine accents be;
As he loved me once, he will love thee now.
But speak to him often—Oh! speak of me!

Brother, dear brother, though stronger ties
Are binding my heart to Columbia's shore
Than ever I felt 'neath old England's skies,
I shall never cease loving her more and more.

THE DEAD CHILD.

She sat alone beside the couch of death,
And looked upon the features of her child;
The silken curls lay on its velvet cheek,
And as she stooped to kiss those parted lips
From which the ruby tints had scarcely fled,
It seemed as if her own sweet lullaby
Had hushed it to a soft and gentle sleep.
She clasped its little hands upon its breast,
And then in melancholy accents said:—
Oh no! it cannot be, thou art not dead!
Look up, my daughter! let me see again
Those laughing eyes in their long lashes hid;
'Tis hard to give thee up, in one short hour
To feel the hopes of years for ever crushed,
And severed one by one, those tender cords
That round the fibres of my heart were twined,
Till with my very life they seemed to blend.
Oh! there are wounds which time alone must heal,
And tears which only heaven can wipe away.
Thy mother's hand a pencil sketch shall draw
Of thee, my child, so beautiful and young;

For I would keep thine image near me still.
A moment, and the painful task begun,
She had been weeping bitterly, but now
All trace of tears had vanished from her cheek;
And she prayed earnestly to God for strength.
Nor was that prayer unheard. A still small voice
Had whispered consolation to her heart;
A hand unseen, to firmness nerved her own,
And soon her infant's picture was complete.

THE ROVER.

I AM free as the mountain breezes wild,
My sable plume that wave;
And my heart is as gay as the heart of a bird,
And my spirit is bold and brave.

My trusty sword, like a faithful friend,
Hangs glittering at my side;
And I steer my bark with a daring hand
O'er the breast of the furious tide.

I love to look on a frowning sky
When the vivid lightnings flash ;
And the tempest shrieks at the dead of night,
And the rolling thunders crash.

I have stood on the deck of my noble craft,
And watched its shattered sail ;
I have seen its mast in pieces dashed,
Hang shivering in the gale.

But think ye my cheek was pale with dread,
Or my blood grew cold and chill ?
There was music for me in the mad wind's mirth,
And my heart beat fearless still.

I have stood in the battle's foremost ranks,
When the booming shots came fast ;
And the light grew dim in the warrior's eye,
And the valiant were breathing their last.

I never quailed 'neath a tyrant's glance,
A slave I have scorned to be ;
They have sought my life, they have sought in vain,
I am free—I am free—I am free !

THE VIOLET OF THE WEST.

TO MARY.

When April brings its smiles and showers,
And nature's carpet green is spread,
Among her first and sweetest flowers
The meek-eyed violet lifts its head.

The rose its blushing hues may boast,
In bowers luxuriant caressed;
The modest flower I value most
Is the meek violet of the West.

So unassuming, yet so fair,
Its language—innocence and truth;
Such beauties every heart should wear,
For they are gems of guileless youth.

The zephyr on its bosom sleeps,
The lip of morn its cheek hath pressed;
And nightly nature fondly weeps
O'er the meek violet of the West.

Mary, thy silken curls I see,
As graceful in the breeze they wave;
Thou, a young fawn so light and free,
Thy path is where the streamlets lave.

What joy those laughing eyes impart!
Affection's lip thy cheek hath pressed;
And need I say, fair child, thou art
The meek-eyed violet of the West!

REFLECTIONS OF A MURDERER.

Oh! worse than death itself the keen remorse
Of an accusing conscience! Oh! how black
The deed that dooms me to this dismal cell!
These clanking chains, the only sounds that break
The awful stillness of my drear abode;
These iron-grated windows scarce admit
Sufficient rays my darkness to illume.
I was of gentle blood—the only son
Of doting parents; tenderly beloved,
My every wish to gratify they strove.

I roamed at will where fancy's dictates led,
And drank of pleasure's cup without restraint.
I had a haughty spirit; and in vain
To curb it did my gentle mother try.
But I did scorn reproof; and with curled lip
And sullen brow, would from her presence rush,
And, in ungovernable rage, give vent
To words it chills my very blood to speak.
Then came the voice of conscience to my heart;
And for a while my better feelings rose,
And half I would resolve to throw myself
Upon my mother's neck, my fault confess,
In penitence sincere her pardon crave;
But my proud heart would never bend to this.
One morn a hasty summons I received
My mother to attend without delay.
I to her room repaired—she caught my hand,
And in a tone scarce audible, she said:—
Oh! Edward, I am dying! fare-thee-well!
One kiss before we part!—I heard no more—
My brain grew giddy, and insensible
I sank, and to my chamber was conveyed.
Days passed ere from that horrid dream I woke;—
And when again to consciousness restored,
They told me that my mother was no more;—
And I, her fell destroyer, yet survived.

Such was my grief, I could have blessed the hand
Stretched out against me to deprive of life.
Thus time wore on; my nineteenth summer came:
A lovely girl had my affections won;
So mild, so innocent, I sometimes thought
Myself unworthy of a heart like hers.
My wayward spirit she alone could sway;—
I yielded to her gentle influence,
And I was happy then. I thought that life
Had yet a tie to bind me to the world.
One lovely eve I sought Eudora's bower—
The crescent moon rode through a cloudless sky,
And smiled serenely o'er the sleeping earth.
I had been absent long, and now my heart
Beat high at thought of meeting her I loved.
I saw her graceful figure lightly move,
And by her side was one upon whose face
Her blue eye rested, while a timid blush
Mantled her cheek; as on his arm she leaned
Deep conversation they appeared to hold.
At once the flame of jealousy was roused.
Stung to the quick and maddened to despair,
I vowed revenge on her who thus had dared
To pay my love with such inconstancy.
With slow and cautious step did I proceed
Towards the poor victim of my ill-timed wrath.

I could endure no more—"Die!" I exclaimed—
And springing like a tiger on his prey,
My poniard seized, and plunged it in her breast.
One loud and piercing shriek—and at my feet
Ghastly and pale, a bleeding corpse she lay.
"Villain! it is my sister thou hast slain!"
The frantic youth in agony exclaimed.
"My sister and young Edward's promised bride.
Would he were here to slay thee on the spot!"—
"He is before thee! yes, 'tis Edward's hand
That's dyed with blood of guiltless innocence.
Unsheathe thy sword—on me thy vengeance wreak—
To thee my breast lies open—strike the blow—
Or I will do the horrid deed myself."
"Stay—stay thy hand, for thou art ill prepared
To meet thy Judge and hear thy awful doom.
I do forgive thee—murderer though thou art,
And oh! may Heaven in mercy pardon thee!
This night I to my childhood's home returned.
A traveller from Italia's distant clime;
And with my sister to her bower I strayed
To speak of old familiar scenes awhile.
And there from her I learned your plighted love,
And that to-morrow was your bridal day."
"To-morrow! Oh, to-morrow!" I exclaimed—
"Would that these eyes might never see its dawn!"

"Edward! though I forgive, my country's laws
Demand that thou to justice shouldst be brought.
Thy sentence will be death—but promise now
By the cold corpse of her once dear to thee,
That thou wilt for eternity prepare."
I shuddered while the promise passed my lips,
And to this gloomy dungeon I was borne,
And soon my awful destiny was sealed.
Oh, my Eudora! would thy spirit deign
To me a visit at this solemn hour!
Wouldst thou but smile forgiveness on me now,
Oh! I could ask no more. She comes! she comes!
Angel of mercy! messenger of peace!
Thou speak'st my pardon—I may be forgiven.

SUSPICION.

Why should dark suspicion linger
In a world so bright as this?
Marring every love we cherish—
Blasting every hope of bliss.

Is there not one kindred feeling
Which the heart may justly claim?
Friendship, is it false and fleeting—
Are its pleasures but a name?

There are kind and gentle voices
Breathing music in our ear,
There are hearts congenial beating,
We have proved those hearts sincere.

Prompted by a selfish passion,
Oft, too oft, we harshly chide;—
Better far with Christian meekness
Strive each other's faults to hide.

Who with deeply wounded feeling,
Hath not writhed beneath this pain?
Shall we plant the barbéd arrow
In another's breast again?

Let not dark suspicion linger
In a world so bright as this,
Marring every love we cherish,
Blasting every hope of bliss.

COME TO THY FOREST HOME.

Come to thy forest home!
Hath not its solitude a charm for thee?
Then why an exile shouldst thou longer be?—
Could India's wealth allure thy heart to stay
For ever from these rustic scenes away?
Come to thy forest home!

Come to thy forest home!
Hast thou forgotten where the oak tree stood
In all its pride, the monarch of the wood?
Hast thou forgotten where the stately pine
Rocked in its giant arms the clust'ring vine?
Come to thy forest home!

Come to thy forest home!
Hath absence quenched the torch by mem'ry lit?
Canst thou thy cottage by the brook forget?
Where days and years drag heavily away,
And e'en the echoes chide thy long delay.
Come to thy forest home!

LINES ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF WASHINGTON.

Oh! shall we cease to venerate the day
Which gave the "father of his country" birth?
Shall a victorious nation cease to pay
Their grateful homage to departed worth?

Why sleeps the muse? why hangs the minstrel lyre
Untuned upon the willow's drooping bough?
Cannot the name of Washington inspire
In those mute chords the voice of music now?

Children of freemen, can we e'er forget
The peerless crown our brave ancestors won?
Has the bright glorious sun for ever set
That rose on Bunker's hill and Lexington?

No! no! then as we prize that sacred ray
That lights the eastern and the western skies;
Oh, let us still revere his natal day
Whose high-souled deeds first caused that sun to rise.

THE CAPTIVE BIRD TO ITS CAPTOR.

I know thou wilt not harm me,
A little helpless thing—
For, lady, with a gentle hand
Thou strok'st my glossy wing.

Yet do not keep me longer
A captive here to sigh
For mate, for nest, for greenwood bower,
Oh! thither let me fly.

Thou canst not tame me ever,
I must be free to roam,
If prisoned now the costliest cage
Could never be my home.

My tiny wings would flutter,
And I should droop and die;
For I love the laughing zephyr
And the clear blue summer sky.

Dost think I can be happy
  Amid these fragrant flowers?
Alas! they always would remind
  Of the lost summer hours.

You soon shall see them wither
  And feel their latest sigh;
And though my life might longer be,
  I, too, would quickly die.

Dear lady, for a moment
  Upon thy hand I stay,
As if to thank thee e'er I fly
  O'er the green fields away.

TO H. M. ESQ.

Joy to thy bridal eve!
  Now softly fades yon orb of day,
  How tranquil is its parting ray,
  While rosy twilight seems to say,
Joy to thy bridal eve!

Joy to thy bridal eve!
See Luna beautiful and bright,
Looks down with mild and gentle light,
She seems to smile more sweet to-night—
Joy to thy bridal eve!

Joy to thy bridal eve!
On airy pinions light and free,
The muse a wreath long kept for thee
Presents—and whispers merrily,
Joy to thy bridal eve!

Joy to thy bridal eve!
I see *her* on thy arm recline—
To-morrow at the altar's shrine
A holy vow shall seal her thine—
Joy to thy bridal eve!

Joy to thy bridal eve!
Let friendship now her tribute bring,
While we whose hearts around thee cling,
In heartfelt strains to thee would sing—
Joy to thy bridal eve!

TO A FRIEND.

Of friendship's sacred theme to thee I sing—
Hast seen the ivy round the woodbine cling?
Thus like the ivy would I cling to thee—
A friendship pure;—wilt thou my woodbine be?

Come then, I bid thee welcome to this heart,
For thou indeed a kindred spirit art;
In this bright world the pleasing task be ours
To make more happy all the passing hours.

Roses indeed we cannot always find,
Or with them thorns—or noxious leaves be twined;
But in our path were cankered thorns not strewn,
We should forget that earth was not our home.

Dark clouds have sometimes veiled thy sunny sky,
And stormy winds passed fiercely, threatening by;
Thy nature sensitive to each alarm
Has calmly borne the shock of every storm.

Adieu! thou leav'st us for the smiling west,
And thou wilt gaze on the Ohio's breast,
The verdant hills, the woodlands green and fair;
But thou wilt see no rolling prairies there.

Thou sayest a forest hath a charm for thee—
'Tis noble,—yet a prairie wild for me—
Ah, well! I know 'mid birds and blossoms gay
The summer hours will sweetly pass away.

Now soars my muse on airy pinions bright,
But hark! she bids me whisper thee good night;
Thy faithful friend I truthfully subscribe,
And hope our friendship may for ever live.

AN ADDRESS TO A FRIEND AT THE OPENING OF THE YEAR.

Now from Parnassian heights, or Tempe's vale,
Where founts ambrosial gush in limpid streams,
Thou Muse of song descend, while at thy shrine
An humble votary kneels, thee to invoke;

To numbers sweet this harp discordant tune,
While fiery steeds bring down the queen of morn
In joyful haste, winged through the liquid air.
Dawn of the infant year! we hail its birth;—
The sunlight dances on the crested wave,
And nymphs in coral caves far, far beneath,
Wild music wakes, while from Arcadian bowers
Come soft perfumes on zephyrs lightly borne.

A form aerial from the spirit land
Bade me a message to thine ear impart,
Of import solemn; deign me audience then,
Brother beloved! and she will guide thy bark
On life's tempestuous wave—a pleasing task.
Her name is Hope—twin sister of sweet Peace—
An amaranthine wreath she brought, so twined
That frost of age may never blight its flowers,
And bade me place it on thy youthful brow.
There was a tear-drop in her wild blue eye
While thus she spake, "It is not mine to draw
The dark, dark veil that shrouds futurity.
Clouds, dark, portentous clouds may gather o'er
That sky now radiant with the light of joy,
Yet shall one star his beacon ever be
Whose light they may not quench—I am that star."
She said, then slowly faded from my sight,—

Yet softly whispered, " What I have revealed,
Haste to disclose, thy mission well befits
A morn like this; I can no more; farewell!"
Her parting accents scarce her lips had passed,
When swift I flew to thee: My tale is told.

I know that thoughts of loved ones far away
Steal o'er thee now, and theirs, too, turn to thee
From that far western home, around whose fire
Thy parents sit, and thy loved sister fair,
On whose bright cheek the rose and lily bloom,
And sigh for thee, loved brother and loved son,
And fondly wish that thou wert there to-day.
Now, cease, my harp—the muse impatient flies—
Yet stays a moment one kind wish to breathe;—
A happy New-year! and when life's last ray
Shall set for ever, and thy pulseless heart
Lie cold and still beneath the silent tomb,
Oh! may thy spirit wing its flight to Heaven!

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

I DREAMED that near a glassy lake
At moonlight's hour I strayed,
And sat me down to muse alone
Beneath a quiet shade.

A little bark with sail unfurled
Swept o'er the silver tide,
And scarcely had a moment passed
When thou wert by my side.

My hand was quickly clasped in thine,
I looked upon thy face,
Each feature as I viewed it then
My fancy yet can trace.

There was a pale blue flower that grew
In that secluded spot,
Thou bad'st me wear it near my heart,
Its name—Forget me not.

THE FAREWELL OF THE FLOWER SPIRIT.

I HAVE come from the green isles far away,
Where the skies are bright and the soft winds play;
Where I fold my wings 'neath the olive shade,
And look upon flowers that never fade.

Yet I often to other climes repair,
And sleep on the breast of the rose-bud fair;
I stamp the rich glow on its dewy lip,
And give it the fragrance you love to sip.

But when from the north comes the chilly blast,
Which reminds me that summer days are past;
When a snowy mantle is spread o'er the plain,
I turn to my own verdant isles again.

Thou knowest me not—yet when thou hast slept,
I've long o'er thy slumbers a vigil kept;
Thou hast felt on thy cheek the young zephyr's sigh,
But its perfume was sent by a spirit nigh.

The flowers have gone—I have tarried to say
That for thee they bloomed through their short-lived day;
And they spoke to thee on the breath of even,
Of the Amaranth flowers in the starry Heaven.

LINES TO GEN. SCOTT.

Hail, son of Columbia! the patriot flame
Burns bright in each breast while we tell of thy fame;
We have heard of the deeds thou so nobly hast done,
We have heard of thy battles so fearlessly won.

Thou hast carried our flag to a far distant shore;
See! it streams from the towers of Juan d'Ulloa;
And the eagle hath perched on those battlements high,
To rest in his course through the blue vaulted sky.

When the war-cloud hung dark, 'twas thy voice that inspired,
And the hearts of thy soldiers with energy fired;
The foremost in battle, the fearless in fight,
While thy sword in the sunbeam was glittering bright.

In the halls of Mont'zuma now revel the brave,
'Tis thine arm that hath conquered the Mexican slave;
Thou hast buried thy sword in the enemy's breast,
They quailed at thy glance—thou hast laid them at rest.

A prey to the vultures that thirsted for gore,
They fell by the town of St. Juan d'Ulloa;
And the raven's wild screech will their requiem be,
While around them is floating the flag of the free.

The bugle is hushed, and the cannon's loud roar
Shall wake thee from slumber to battle no more;
Thy hand we now grasp, and we hail thee with pride,
As we would all the heroes who fought by thy side.

Yes, welcome, thrice welcome, again and again!
With transport unbounded we echo the strain;
Thy triumphs so glorious, shall ne'er be forgot—
Hurrah for the patriot General Scott!

CHORUS.

Hark! hark! what merry shouts of joy
Proclaim a conqueror near;
He comes, a noble hero comes,
Oh, bid him welcome here.

Brave General, thou hast nobly fought,
Rest from thy toils awhile;
Thy native land her arms extends,
And greets thee with a smile.

Yes, sheathe thy sword, for gentle peace
Her silvery wings hath spread,
Where thou to meet thy country's foe,
A fearless band hast led.

Hurrah, hurrah, for General Scott,
His name we'll proudly sing;
The north, the south, the east, the west,
Shall with his triumph ring.

MY PRAIRIE FLOWERS.

My prairie flowers! my prairie flowers!
Oh! they are dear to me;
They grew beside thy western home,
And gathered were by thee.

My prairie flowers! my prairie flowers!
We'll never, never part;
But when I'm lone and desolate,
I'll wear them near my heart.

And they will my companions be,
The flowers I love so dear;
And they will often speak to me,
For their spirit hovers near.

My prairie flowers! my prairie flowers!
They may glad another's eye;
But can't be loved as I love them,
With me then let them die.

ON HEARING A DESCRIPTION OF A PRAIRIE.

Oh! could I see as thou hast seen,
The garden of the west,
When Spring in all her loveliness
Fair nature's face has dressed.

The rolling prairie, vast and wild!
It hath a charm for me—
Its tall grass waving to the breeze,
Like billows on the sea.

Say, hast thou chased the bounding deer
When smiled the rosy morn?
Or hast thou listened to the sound
Of the merry hunter's horn?

Once could the noble red-man call
That prairie wild his home;—
His cabin now in ruins laid,
He must an exile roam,

And thou at twilight's pensive hour,
Perchance hast seen him weep;—
Tread lightly o'er the hallowed spot,
For there his kindred sleep.

I envy not the opulent
His proud and lordly dome;
Far happier is the pioneer
Who seeks a prairie home;—

Where no discordant notes are heard,
But all is harmony;
Where soars aloft unfettered thought,
And the heart beats light and free.

HENRY CLAY.

It comes, it swells, it breaks upon the ear;
Millions have caught the spirit-stirring sound:—
We, too, with joy, with transport uncontrolled,
Would in the chorus of our city join:
Thou noblest of the noble, welcome here!
Noble in high born deeds of spotless fame:
Yes, in behalf of those who o'er us watch,
We bid thee welcome to this lovely spot,
Our peaceful home, where kindred souls are knit
In one sweet bond of friendship unalloyed.
It is not ours thy lineaments to trace,
The intellectual brow, the flashing eye
Whose glance the language of the soul portrays;
But fancy's busy hand the picture draws,

And with a smile, the glowing sketch presents
To hearts that with anticipation throb.
How have we longed to meet thee, thou whose voice,
In eloquence resistless, like a spell,
Holds e'en a nation captive to its powers!
Well may Columbia of her son be proud.
Firm as a rock, amid conflicting storms,
Thou by her side hast ever fearless stood,
With truth thy motto, principle thy guide;
And thou can'st feel as rich a gem is thine,
As ever graced the loftiest monarch's brow—
A nation's honor, and a nation's love.
O'er Ashland veiled in winter's cheerless night,
Ere long will steal the gentle breath of spring;
And thou wilt sit among the shades embowered
Of ancient trees, whose giant branches wave
Around the quiet home thou lov'st so dear;
The winding streamlet on whose pearly breast
The crescent moon reflects her silver light,
Will murmur on; and when the blushing morn
Calls nature from a soft and dewy sleep,
The birds will glad thee with their gushing songs,
So sweetly carolled to the new-born day.
Once more, illustrious statesman, welcome here!
Language can do no more—these trembling lips
To our emotions utterance cannot give,

Yet we would ask, ere thou from us depart,
Oh! let thine accents greet each anxious ear;
Speak, we entreat thee, but one parting word,
That in the secret chambers of the heart
May live the memory of its thrilling tones,
When he who uttered them is far away.

TO THE PORTRAIT OF A FRIEND.

I am alone—the busy world
Is hushed in midnight's deepest sleep;
And scarce the dark blue wave is curled,
So soft the breath that fans the deep.

Far rising o'er the mountain streams,
Pale Cynthia, goddess of the night,
Now faintly through my lattice gleams,
And o'er a portrait throws her light.

Familiar seems that face to me,
That quiet brow and glowing cheek;
How true to life, oh! can it be,
Those lips have not the power to speak!

Oft have I seen that hazel eye
With animation kindling bright;
And ere a moment flitted by
Melt to a softer, calmer light.

I've watched its varied lustre mild
When music breathes its magic strain;
In playful mood it gaily smiled,
Then 'neath its lashes hid again.

Farewell! O miniature, farewell!
Soon other eyes on thee will gaze,
And kindred hearts with transport swell—
Companions of his boyhood days.

Thou to his home wilt soon be moved,
A father's and a mother's tear
O'er thy unconscious cheek beloved
Will flow, thou image held so dear.

With what delight his brothers all
Will haste his miniature to see;
A lovely sister can recall
Each feature when she looks on thee.

I must resign thee, fare thee well!
Soon other eyes on thee will gaze;
And kindred hearts with transport swell—
Companions of his boyhood days.

A COLLOQUY.

MRS. S., MISS ELIZA KEAN, AND MISS AMELIA ST. CLAIR.

The School Room.

AMELIA. I'm vexed! I hate arithmetic!
To learn it I've tried in vain;
I've really half a mind to say,
I'll never, never try again.
My brain is quite distracted now,
This horrid sum I cannot do;
'Tis far too intricate for me,
And Mr. Howard knows it too.

ELIZA. You little termagant! and so
You hate arithmetic you say,

But what, Amelia, would you do
Were you to study Algebra?

AMELIA. Talk not of Algebra to me.

ELIZA. Now don't begin to scold again;
Why to the study you're averse,
If you will listen I'll explain;
You do not clearly comprehend
The puzzling rule of three, you know,
The parts you understand you like,
And you have often told me so;
I will admit 'tis rather hard,
But don't condemn 'till understood.

MRS. S. Ah! quite a lecture, to be sure.
I own the arguments are good.

ELIZA. Amelia, you must persevere,
Work earnestly and faithfully;
Try once, twice, thrice, and if you fail,
Make other efforts—three times three;
And if these efforts prove in vain,
Continue on till four times four;
If still, be not discouraged yet,
Add five times twenty or six score.

Enter MESSRS. THEODORE LORAINE AND HOWARD JR.

MR. LORAINE. Why what's the matter, Mrs. S.,
A warm discussion I have heard?
(To AMELIA.) How goes Arithmetic?

AMELIA. Oh dear!
I from my heart detest the word.
MRS. S. How now, Amelia, pouting still,
And throwing all advice away?—
Come, come, my child, be vexed no more,
You do not mean one half you say.
MR. HOWARD. If we our talents misimprove,
We have ourselves alone to blame;
I, Mrs. S., appeal to you,
And Mr. Theodore Loraine.
ELIZA. I like arithmetic the best
Of all the studies I pursue;
What beauty there's in Algebra!
Music in plus and minus too;
In co-efficients, index, all,
What do you think of such a term?
I mean to preach till you resolve
That Algebra with me you'll learn.
MRS. S. Hold to it, Lizzy.
ELIZA. So I will.
MR. LORAINE. Amelia soon will like it well.
MR. HOWARD. I think our recess time is up,
So now I'll go and ring the bell. (*Exit.*)
AMELIA. Hear me, my dearest Mrs. S.,
I feel the force of all you say,
And from this moment I will strive
Your kindly precepts to obey.

(To Eliza.) I can't resist your arguments,
But may I on your aid depend?
Eliza. With pleasure all I can I'll do,—
But now to history we'll attend.

NEW HAVEN.

O City of Elms! in my day-dreams of bliss,
I have smiled at the fabric my free fancy wove;
But ne'er did I feel such a transport as this,
Inspired by thy beauty, and heightened by love.

I have stood where the cataract thundered afar,
I have felt its proud waters the solid earth shake;
I have watched the soft light of a beautiful star,
That trembled at eve o'er Ontario's lake.

I have looked on the Hudson majestic and bright,
When the foam-crested waves with each other would play,
I have seen them roll on in their grandeur and might,
Till at length they were lost in the wide-spreading bay.

But now my tired spirit hath folded her wings,
To rest on the bosom of nature awhile;
Where the note that the song-bird so merrily rings
In the sunshine of gladness, her care shall beguile.

O City of Elms! in thy green shaded bowers,
With feelings of rapture too happy to last,
I have wandered, and wished that the innocent flowers
Could lend to the future the hues of the past.

O City of Elms! ever sacred shall be
The ties that have drawn thee so close to my heart;
And often in thought will I wander to thee—
The pride of New England, New Haven, thou art.

Thou hast made me feel happy, as happy can be—
A tide of emotions my soul overwhelms;
May everything noble, pure, generous, and free,
Make thee happy, New Haven, thou City of Elms!

LINES WRITTEN ON INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Columbia! awake in thy strength and thy might!
'Tis the birth-day of freedom—oh! welcome its light.
Now peals the loud cannon along our green shore;
'Tis the signal of peace, and we fear it no more.
The Eagle hath come from his bleak mountain home,
He hath dipped his bright wings in the blue ocean's foam,
And hath perched on a tree that for ever shall bloom—
Wo, wo to the hand that would ruffle his plume.
But what is that sound, like the wind harp of Eden,
That echoes so sweetly the music of Heaven?
How softly its breathings are heard in the air—
Now mark we the warning—Columbia, beware!
'Tis a voice from Mount Vernon—a voice from the grave
Of the hero who struggled our country to save;
Now fainter, still fainter, that warning we hear,
Like an angel's soft whisper it dies on the ear.
Oh! cease, ye false prophets who vauntingly say
That the star of our freedom is passing away;
Ye may weave your dark spells till exhausted your powers,
If the union be broken the work must be ours.
We are bound by a link which no tyrant can burst;—

Shall we crush the dear hopes that so long we have nursed ?
Though your poisonous arrows around us be cast,
Our rights we'll defend—and defend to the last.
For our fathers departed a chaplet we'll weave,
Of fresh-gathered laurels to lay on their grave ;
The tear of affection shall be shed o'er their urn,
And the flame they once kindled for ever shall burn.
'Tis the birth-day of freedom ! Columbia, arise !
Let the sound of rejoicing ascend to the skies.
Our navy,* exulting, repeats the glad sound,
And we list to the echo that's revelling around,
Hail, North Carolina ! huzza for thy crew !
With their soul-sparkling eyes, and hearts gallant and true ;
If called by their country in battle to stand,
The sword they would wield with a bold, daring hand.
The Flag of our Union, the flag of the free !
Unfurled in proud triumph o'er land and o'er sea ;
The Flag of our Union ! long, long may it wave !
And herald the deeds of the peerless and brave.

* The navy was represented by the " North Carolina," lying opposite the city.

A REVERY.

Am I sleeping, am I waking?—
  Hath my spirit winged her flight
To some pure and blissful region,
  Bathed in soft and silvery light?

Am I sleeping, am I waking?—
  Whence these sounds that greet my ear?
Come they on the midnight zephyr,
  Wafted from some distant sphere?

Minstrel! o'er my wild harp bending,
  I would touch its chords for thee;
Yet its tones are but the echo
  Of thine own sweet minstrelsy.

Thou hast well deserved the chaplet
  Which for thee I proudly twine,
Laurels from Castalia's fountain
  Well may grace a brow like thine.

PRAYER.

God heareth prayer—whether in secret place
Or in his sacred courts it matters not.
Where two or three are gathered in his name,
There will he deign to meet them and to bless.
God heareth prayer;—Oh! thou desponding one,
When dark temptation's cloud o'erspreads thy soul,
Turn from the busy and the giddy throng,
Haste thou to nature's solitude—commune
With thy own heart, and humbly bend thy knee,
For in that hour, thy God will hear thy prayer.
It was the close of summer, yet the breeze
Went idly by as if it feared to break
The stillness of a day so beautiful;
And in the blue expanse rich golden clouds
In graceful motion floated to and fro,
And seemed like purest spirits of the blest.
The reaper's work was done—o'er widespread plains
No longer waved the sheaves of ripened grain;
His hand a plenteous store had gathered in,
And now his grateful heart was turned to God.
Beyond the precincts of a growing town,

There was an ancient wood, whose giant oaks
The wintry storms of centuries had braved,
Their gnarled branches still extended far
Along the margin of a quiet stream.
For months no sound was heard save pleasant notes
Of singing birds, that from those lofty boughs
Warbled their vesper or their matin lay.
But now a spacious altar there was reared,
And tent on tent the sacred spot inclosed,
Where gathered thousands congregate to pray.
Their eyes are now directed to the place
Where the loved pastor stands—their ears intent
To catch the message from Jehovah's throne.
He was a man of three score years and ten,
His cheek was furrowed, and his hoary locks
White with the frost which age had sprinkled o'er;
His voice, though tremulous, to silence awed
The most unmindful in that numerous throng.
And now the holy book of God he oped
And read the solemn words, "Come unto me,
Ye heavy laden! I will give you rest;—
My yoke is easy, and my burden light!"
He knelt to pray, and in impassioned tones
Pleaded for mercy from the Omnipotent.
Stout hearts were melted, and convulsive sobs
Told that the Holy Ghost was there,

Exerting influence divine;—again,
The sermon closed, he knelt in prayer and said,
"Father, if thou hast here a work begun,
Oh! grant a glorious issue—like a God.
These humble penitents before thee bless—
These wandering sheep restore—these sinners save,
Glory to thee for what these ears have heard!
Glory to thee for what these eyes have seen!"
He paused, then hid his face and silent wept.
'Twas evening, and as one by one the stars
Lit up the cloudless firmament on high,
I seemed to see the star of Bethlehem
Refulgent there with his benignant rays.
I turned away reluctant from the scene,
And thought how soon that herald of the cross
Would sleep beneath the cold and silent tomb,
Yet felt assured that Paul-like he could say,
"For me to live is Christ—to die is gain!"

TO ANNIE.

I'm gazing on the moonlit sky—
Would I could say with tearless eye—
While pensive thoughts my bosom fill,
I ask, am I remembered still?
Mine are the hallowed sweets of home,
O'er nature's rural scenes I roam,
My health preserved, my spirits light—
Can aught my pure enjoyment blight?
Yes, there are moments when the past
By memory o'er my soul is cast;
Feelings intense my bosom fill—
I ask, am I remembered still?
I have been called with those to part
Who were the idols of my heart,
And as the last adieus were spoken
Have felt that that poor heart was broken.
I will not paint—thou know'st too well
The anguish of that word, farewell.
While thoughts like these my bosom fill,
I ask am I remembered still?

Time cannot change a heart like mine—
Let not protracted absence thine;
For friendship that is born on high,
Can time and absence both defy.

A VISION.

I stood upon the summit of a hill,
Beneath me rolled Potomac's waters dark;
It was the hour of midnight—all was still—
When, lo! before me rose a stately bark;
Its starry banner to the breeze unfurled,
While freshening gales the dancing waters curled.

The scene was changed—a storm swept hoarsely by,
The stars were covered with a sable pall;
The lightnings flashed, the thunder rent the sky,
Pôtomac answered to the fearful call.
Around that bark the surges madly break,
But the brave bark no other course will take.

Onward she flew, and with exulting pride,
Dashed back the waves that rushed to overwhelm;
Onward she flew amid the boiling tide,
For lo! an angel form was at the helm;
His brow was lofty and his eye serene,
Calmly he looked upon that troubled scene.

The tempest ceased—the lovely queen of night
Looked forth upon the sleeping earth once more;
And studded with its gems of golden light,
The sky a coronet of beauty wore;
Hushed was the tumult of that raging storm,
And straight before me stood that angel form.

"Fear not," he cried, "though mighty thunders crash,
And fiercely darts the lightning's vivid ray;
Though tempest rend, the waves impetuous dash,
That gallant bark shall onward hold her way.
Its stars and stripes shall float o'er every sea,
Bearing the motto—Union—Liberty.

"Though party feuds presage approaching ill,
They shall not sever freedom's sacred chain;
While Moultrie's fort exists or Bunker's Hill
Its sacred links unbroken shall remain;

Dissolve the Union! then may hope expire,
And Liberty to other lands retire.

"Columbia! ere a deed so rash be done,
From all the annals of thy former fame
Blot every memory of thy Washington;
'Twould be his wish when powerless his name.
He comes to warn thee from the realms of light"—
The spirit paused, then vanished from my sight.

SABBATH EVENING.

Lo! the setting sun is stealing
Softly through the clustering vines;
On the spirit sweet peace sealing,
As this Sabbath day declines.

Lovely spot, oh, sacred hour,
Day of all our days the best;
Weakening the tempter's power,
Pointing to the promised rest.

While we watch thy fading splendor,
Thou adorner of the skies,
May we all our hearts surrender
To the God who bade thee rise.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF GEN. TAYLOR.

A WAIL is in the Capitol,
A wail of anguish deep,
That startles with a fearful sound
The night wind from its sleep.
The brave old oak hath bowed its head,
A victim to the blast;
Death holds within his conquering arm
The conqueror at last.

There's mourning in the Capitol,
With slow and solemn tread
Go hang with weeds of cypress now
The chambers of the dead.

Ye may not speak at such a time,
But gaze in mute despair;
Ye would but mock those weeping ones
Who kneel heart-broken there.

A gloom is in the Capitol,
And like a dismal pall,
It must, with melancholy hue,
On the whole nation fall.
For she will see the radiant gem
Which she so proudly wore,
Drop from her brilliant coronet,
To sparkle there no more.

Oh! Taylor! thou hast nobly won
A hero's deathless name;
But what to thee are titles now?—
What honor, rank, or fame?
Where thou did'st raise thy country's flag,
In triumph it shall wave;
But all thy glorious deeds must end
Untimely in the grave.

'Tis sweet to think that with *thine own*
Was breathed thy latest sigh;

What comfort in thy parting words—
"I am prepared to die."
The storms of battle thou hast braved,
And many a conflict passed;
Now peaceful in thy native land
Thine eyes are closed at last.

A *warning* from the Capitol,
A deep sepulchral sound!
List to the mournful requiem
With solemn awe profound.
Nor let the turbid, restless tide
Of party feeling flow;
He was a Nation's President,
Be ours a Nation's woe.

THE NEGLECTED FLAGEOLET.

O LET it silent still remain,
And my unguarded wish forget;
I know its tones would give thee pain,
Then lay aside the flageolet.

Oft hast thou heard when all was still,
Its pensive carol o'er and o'er;
But now thou could'st not bear its thrill,
For he who woke it is no more.

That eye is dim, that voice is hushed,
No more thy well-known step he hears;
Each welcome from those lips that gushed,
His memory to thy soul endears.

I would not wring thy aching heart,
With e'en one pang of keen regret;
And yet how thoughtless my request—
Then lay aside the flageolet.

The lapse of years perchance may heal
The anguish of a broken heart;
The fountain of its grief may seal,
And scalding tears may cease to start.

Yet touch some dear one's favorite air,
Whose image we can ne'er forget;
The wounded bosom bleeds again—
Then lay aside the flageolet.

SERENADE.

Queen of the night! oh, watch o'er his slumbers,
Fold ye around him, bright seraphs! your wings;
Soothing and sweet, gentle harp, be thy numbers,
Lightly, oh, lightly, we waken thy strings.
Midnight around him her mantle is throwing,
Nature her tears o'er the violet weeps;
Pure as the gush of the fountain is flowing
Music's soft cadence, he sleeps, he sleeps.

When o'er the deep his proud bark is flying,
Star of the ocean! watch o'er him there;
Bid the soft gale in its tenderness sighing,
Whisper of hope and dispel every care.
Midnight around him her mantle is throwing,
Nature her tears o'er the violet weeps;
Pure as the gush of the fountain is flowing
Music's soft cadence, he sleeps, he sleeps.

VOICE OF THE FLOWERS.

Ye have a kind voice, sweet flowers!
Of pure angelic tone;
It has no echo in greenwood bowers,
But speaks to the heart alone.

Ye have looked on the blush of day,
And stolen its rosy hue;
But the fountain and song-bird's lay
Are silent, alas! to you.

No clambering vines caress
Your artless forms so fair;
Your velvet leaves are motionless,
For beauty is sleeping there.

And the flower-spirit hovers near,
And bears on its dove-like wing,
A gem that was once a pearly tear
On the infant cheek of spring.

Ye have a sad voice, sweet flowers!
That whispers of quick decay;
The garlands worn in happiest hours
Are the soonest to pass away.

I know that the frost of death
Ere long will silently chill;
But the fragrance exhaling now
Will linger around me still.

And thus doth a smile, the last
By the lips of a fond friend given,
A fragrance shed though that friend hath passed
To his home in the starry heaven.

THE BLIND GIRL.

Her home was near an ancient wood,
Where many an oak gigantic stood;
And fragrant flowers of every hue
In that sequestered valley grew.
A church there reared its little spire,
And in their neat and plain attire,
The humble peasants would repair,
On Sabbath morn, to worship there;
And on the laughing breeze would float
The merry warblers' choral note;
When at Aurora's rosy dawn
Was decked with light the dewy lawn.
A pearly stream meandered there,
And on its verdant banks so fair,
From school released at close of day
A group of happy girls would play.
With their gay laugh the woodlands rang,
Or if some rustic air they sang,
Those rural notes of music sweet
Echo would in her tones repeat.

Amid those scenes of mirth and glee
Where was the sightless girl? was she
Blithely as others sporting there,
Or wreathing garlands for her hair?
She sat beside her cottage door,
Her brow a pensive sadness wore;
And while she listened to the song
That issued from that youthful throng,
The warm tears gushing down her cheeks
Spoke what no other language speaks;
While their young hearts were light and gay
Her hours passed heavily away;
A mental night was o'er her thrown,
She seemed dejected and alone;—
Yet no! a mother's accents dear
Oft fell upon that blind girl's ear.
While all were locked in dreamy sleep,
The mother o'er her couch would weep,
And as she knelt in silence there,
Would breathe to God her fervent prayer,
That he, all merciful and mild,
Would bless her solitary child.

'Twas eve—the summer's sun was bright,
The crescent moon unveiled her light,
And many a mild and radiant star

Its lustre spread o'er climes afar.
That mother to her throbbing breast
Her lovely daughter fondly pressed,
She on her bosom leaned her head,
And thus in mournful accents said—
"Tell me, dear mother, what is sight?—
I hear you say the stars are bright,
In yonder sky of azure hue;
Oh! that I could behold them too!
You tell me of the summer flowers
That blossom in the greenwood bowers;
Their balmy breath is sweet to me,
And shall I ne'er their beauty see?"
Here Anna paused, her mother sighed,
Then in a low, sweet voice replied:
"On earth those joys may ne'er be thine;
But why, my child, why thus repine?
'Tis thy Almighty Father's will,
Command thy murmuring heart be still;
There is a fairer world than this,
A world of never-fading bliss;
There let thy heart, thy treasure be,
And thou its purer joys shalt see."

The summer and the autumn's past,
And wildly blows the winter blast,

'Twas midnight, nature slept profound,
Unbroken stillness reigned around,
Save in one little cottage where
Was heard a dying mother's prayer.
"O God! my helpless orphan see,
She hath no other friend but thee;
She friendless on the world is thrown,
Sightless, heart-broken, and alone.
Father, all merciful and mild,
Protect my solitary child!"
One last farewell that mother breathed,
One parting sigh her bosom heaved,
And all was over, she had fled
To mingle with the uncounted dead.

The dreary winter passed away—
The spring returned, and all was gay;
O'er hill, o'er vale, o'er verdant plain,
The warbling choir was heard again.
But not the spring's most cheerful voice
Could make that orphan's heart rejoice.
Her mother's grave was near her cot,
And Anna to that lonely spot,
Though blind, would solitary stray,
To kiss the turf that pressed her clay.

'Twas evening's melancholy hour,
Cool zephyrs fanned each passing hour;
O'er her soft lute her fingers ran,
And thus her mournful lay began;—
"Alas! how bitter is my lot,
Without a friend, without a home;
Alone, unpitied, and forgot,
A sightless orphan must I roam.
Where is that gentle mother now
Who once so fondly on me smiled?
Whose kiss I felt upon my brow,
As in her arms she clasped her child.
I could not see that angel eye,
Suffused with many a bitter tear;
But oh! her deep, heart-rending sigh,
Stole mournful on my listening ear.
I knelt beside her dying bed,
I felt her last expiring breath;
'God guide my child,' she faintly said,
Then closed those lovely eyes in death.
Oh! how I long to soar away
To that blessed place where she doth dwell;
To join with her the choral lay,
Angelic choirs for ever swell."

She ceased, she heard a footstep near,

A voice broke gently on her ear.
"Maiden! I've heard thy tale of woe,
More of thy history I would know;
Oh, tell me why thy youthful brow
Is mantled o'er with sadness now?"
"Sir," she replied, "well may I weep,
Beneath this little mound doth sleep
All that to me on earth was dear;
My mother's lifeless form lies here,
And I, her only child, am left
Of kindred and of home bereft.
But He who marks the sparrow's fall,
Will hear the helpless orphan's call;
My mother bade me trust His care,
He will not leave me to despair."
The stranger sighed; "Dear child," said he,
"Thou hast my warmest sympathy;
No longer friendless shalt thou roam,
I'll take thee to a happier home;
A home erected for the blind,
Where friends affectionate and kind,
Will o'er thee watch with tender care,
And wipe away the orphan's tear."
"Forgive me, sir," the maiden said,
As modestly she hung her head,

"I cannot bear to leave this grave,
Where friendly flowers they tell me wave;
And oh! while here I sit alone,
And listen to the wind's low moan,
Methinks my sainted mother dear,
Smiles on me from the starry sphere;
And softly then she seems to say,
My child, my darling, come away
To the bright mansion where I dwell,
And bid that world of care farewell."
The stranger wept, his generous heart
In others' sorrows shared a part.
"Thou must not linger here," said he,
"Haste, I entreat thee, haste with me,
Thou lone one, to that dear retreat,
Where thou a sister band shalt meet;
Yes, maiden, they are blind like thee,
And they will love thee tenderly."

How changed that sightless orphan now,
No longer clouded is her brow;
Her buoyant step is light and free,
And none more happy is than she.
For education's glorious light
Hath chased away the mental night;

Contentment smiles upon her face,
And with delight her fingers trace
The page by inspiration given,
To guide her to a brighter heaven.
If through the past her memory stray,
Then music's sweet and charming lay
Drives each dark vision from her breast,
And lulls each heaving sigh to rest;
Her grateful lips breathe many a prayer,
For him who kindly placed her there.

A BROTHER'S WISH.

Wilt thou not stay for my brother dear?
'Tis early yet, he will soon be here;
I would greet him too with a smile of glee,
But he lingers long, and it may not be.
I go to dream of that form so bright,
Stay for my brother, good night, good night.

Stay for my brother, thou canst not tell
The thoughts that live in my heart's deep cell;

Thoughts that have grown with my riper years,
Nursed midst a strife of hopes and fears;
Gilding my life with a hallowed light,
Stay for my brother, good night, good night.

Stay for my brother, oh! wilt thou stay?
The moments wane, I must haste away;
Yet would I welcome with smiles of glee,
Him who is dearer than life to me;
I go ere the moon hath veiled her light,
Stay for my brother, good night, good night.

Yes, I would stay for thy brother dear,
But the stars grow dim, he will not be here;
Friendship is weaving her magic spell,
Wooing him still in her bowers to dwell;
Go thou and dream of that form so bright,
Angels watch o'er thee, good night, good night.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

Tell me, ye glittering hosts of light,
That nightly gem yon arch above,
If in your beauteous realms so bright,
There dwells the sister of my love?
The lute unstrung neglected lies,
No more its chords her fingers sweep;
Far from her own fair Grecian skies,
She in her lonely grave doth sleep.
Ye birds, that round this wild retreat,
Warble your notes from bough to bough,
To me your music once was sweet,
But oh! it only mocks me now.
All nature smiles, but not for me,
And at my feet her flow'rets bloom;
Yet while their opening buds I see,
It o'er me casts a deeper gloom.
'Tis wrong, but oh! I cannot bear
While she in death is sleeping here,

That aught she loved a smile should wear—
Oh, lost Ianthe! sister dear!
How my sad spirit longs to break
Its earthy chain, and soar away,
Where angel choirs harmonious wake
In heavenly strains the choral lay.
My bosom's idol is no more,
I have no tie to bind me here,
I would that on our native shore
Thou did'st repose, my sister dear!
O Greece! my own bright land of song,
O'er thee my eager fancy plays;
Before me rise a youthful throng,
Companions of my childhood's days;
Land where the muses love to dwell,
Land of the cypress, fare thee well!

Thus Ida mused, the shades of night
Were gathering 'round a lonely wood,
Where in a simple robe of white,
Beside a new made grave she stood.
Her eye was of the mildest blue,
But its bright glance had passed away;
And with her curls of auburn hue,
The sporting zephyrs seemed to play.

She could not weep, else for the grief
That weighed so heavy on her heart,
She might have found that sweet relief
Which falling tears alone impart.
One hand upon her brow was pressed
As on her knees she sank in prayer;
The other held with fond caress,
A ringlet of her sister's hair.
"Father, divine!" she meekly said,
"Oh! deign to hear the suppliant's prayer;
On me thy chastening hand is laid,
I ask for strength my grief to bear."
She rose, and in her tearless eye
A look of calm submission beamed;
She raised it to the azure sky,
Where night's pale lamps all lovely gleamed.
Then parting from her snowy brow,
The tresses that were waving there,
Upon a mound herself she threw,
Fanned by the cool refreshing air.
She raised her deep blue eyes once more,
Her hands were clasped upon her breast;
One gentle sigh, and all was o'er—
The broken-hearted was at rest.

Farewell, Grecian maiden! thy grief-stricken bosom
No longer convulsive with agony heaves;

A grave by the side of thy sister we've made thee,
And pity a sigh o'er thy memory breathes.
We'll plant near thy pillow the cypress and myrtle,
The willow shall weep o'er thy desolate grave;
The rose and the woodbine shall blossom around thee,
Farewell, Grecian maiden! fair child of the brave.

THE PAST.

Oh! give me back the past again,
With all its hopes and fears;
Or let me weep in solitude,
O'er childhood's vanished years.

Oh! give me back my mountain home,
The willow by the brook;
The robin that so sweetly sang
Within my favorite nook.

And give me what of all I prize,
The long tried friends of yore;
The welcome grasp, the kindly glance,
What could I long for more?

Vain wish! the past alone returns
To memory's silent call;
Where nourished by the springs of thought,
Our brightest treasures dwell.

I strive to mourn not for the joys
That were too pure to last;
But oh! my spirit yearns to feel
The sunshine of the past.

THOUGHTS IN MIDNIGHT HOURS.

Pale Cynthia! lovely goddess of the night,
That o'er reposing nature sheds her light;—
And you, ye stars! that shine from pole to pole,
And round this dark terrestrial planet roll;

Fain would I to your distant regions soar,
And traverse worlds unseen, unknown before;—
My restless spirit would presume to scale
Those airy heights, and lift the future's veil.

Vain wish! aside that veil thou may'st not draw,
The present must be—ought to be, thy law;
Study what God reveals, and ask no more,
And where thou can'st not comprehend, adore.

He to those countless orbs has lustre given,
His hand directs them through the pathless heaven;
He, at a glance, the universe surveys;—
Deep and incomprehensible his ways.

But hark! another hour has passed away.
O time! thy rapid current who can stay?
And yet how unimproved thy moments fly;
Mortals forget that they are born to die.

Death comes when least expected—who can tell
For whom may next be tolled the funeral knell?
The greyhaired sire, the blooming and the brave,
The prince, the peasant, share one common grave.

We fondly gaze on those we love to-day,
The morrow dawns—and where, oh, where are they?
Lifeless and cold their cherished forms are laid
In solemn silence 'neath the grave's dark shade.

Religion! sacred treasure! but for thee
The world a solitary wild would be,
In darkest hour, thou, comforter, art nigh,
To wipe the gushing tear from sorrow's eye.

Who might not give a thousand worlds to know
The calm serenity thou dost bestow?
The richest gift to mortals ever given,
On earth our solace and foretaste of heaven.

But hush! what sounds are stealing on my ear?
'Tis but the sighing of the wind I hear—
And there is music in these plaintive notes—
How soft, yet mournful o'er my soul it floats.

How sweet at such an hour the parting sigh,
To heave upon a mother's breast and die;
When the triumphant soul shall wing its flight,
To hail in heaven a morn of holier light.

'Twere sad to languish in a distant land,
Our pillow smoothed but by a stranger's hand;
To pass the restless hours of night alone,
Without one heart congenial with our own.

No mother near in soothing tones to speak—
To bathe the aching head, the burning cheek;

Whence comes that shadowy form with noiseless tread?
From the dark mansions of the lonely dead?—

Why trembles thus my agitated frame?
'Tis but the phantom of a fevered brain;—
And see, it smiles benignant on me now,
A heavenly mildness sits upon that brow.

Speak, I conjure! inhabitant of bliss!
Say what has called thee to a world like this;
Dost bring some message from yon starry sphere?
Then deign thine accents to a mortal ear.

Frail child of earth, awake! delay no more!
Know thou the morn of life will soon be o'er;
Trust not the world, nor seek its smiles to gain,
False are its friendships, and its pleasures vain.

Farewell! I'll still thy faithful guardian be,
While floats thy bark o'er life's tempestuous sea;
And when its heavings and its storms shall cease,
Be thine the haven of eternal peace.

The vision speaks—then fading from my sight,
To heaven's celestial courts it wings its flight;
Night's dusky shadows quickly melt away,
And smiling nature hails the opening day.

TO THE SPIRIT OF MY LOST FRIEND.

Come on the breeze of the twilight hour,
When I muse alone in my leaf-clad bower;
And there let thy gentle voice be heard,
Like the carol sweet of some favorite bird;
Breathe o'er the chords of my slumbering lute
Tones that, alas! have so long been mute.

Come on the balmy breath of the night,
When the moon is shedding her silvery light
O'er the sylvan grove and the crystal deep,
And nature is locked in her quiet sleep;
Leave the pure mansions of bliss—thy home,
And hie thee to earth—oh come, come, come.

Come when the cheerful voice of the spring,
Gaily through woodland and grove doth ring;
Come when the cuckoo gives welcome note,
That sweet and clear on the light winds float;
Come when joy sits enthroned in the heart,
Come and bear thy delightful part.

Come when the tear of keen sorrow flows,
Thou and thou only can'st soothe my woes;
Come when my cheek has grown pale with care,
Or the hectic flush is gath'ring there;
And hear me sigh for my starry home,
Never, oh! never, again to roam.

TO MATILDA.

Oh, sister! take this withered flower—
My parting gift to thee;
And sometimes when it meets thine eye,
Perhaps you'll think of me.

Nay, weave me not that dewy wreath
Of rose and lily fair,
But, sister, of the cypress twine
A garland for my hair.

I may not linger with thee long,
My sister, kind and dear;

Then fold me closer to thy heart,—
Thy soft voice let me hear.

Weep not for me when I am gone,
To the lone convent's cell;
I'll think of thee when tolls at eve,
The solemn vesper bell.

My spirit, like a wounded bird,
Would seek a peaceful nest
Within those dear secluded walls,
And hush its grief to rest.

Then, sister, take this withered flower—
My parting gift to thee—
And sometimes when it meets thine eye,
Perhaps you'll think of me.

THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

Who slumbers in this lonely spot,
By all neglected and forgot?
No chill neglect, no cruel woes,
Can now disturb his calm repose.

No sculptured marble bears his name,
To tell of friendship, love, or fame;
But flowers in pity o'er him wave,
And whisper—'tis the stranger's grave.

The stars that gem the arch of night,
Here shed a melancholy light;
Yet comes no form with solemn tread,
To weep in silence o'er the dead.

His requiem the fitful moan
Of winds that breathe a hollow tone;
And through the dark green boughs that wave,
They whisper—'tis the stranger's grave.

The stranger's grave! it matters not
If by the world he is forgot;
As calm and peaceful is his sleep
Though no friends mourn, and no friends weep.

And yet where love and memory weep,
Would I be laid in death's long sleep;
Yes, looking up to heaven, I crave
That mine be not a stranger's grave.

ON A CHILD KNEELING.

His little hands were meekly clasped,
And to that cheek so fair,
A ringlet carelessly had strayed,
And lightly lingered there.

Beneath those silken lids that drooped,
Were eyes serenely bright;
An infant kneels, and angels gaze
With rapture at the sight.

Well may they strike their golden harps,
And swell their songs of praise;
An infant kneels in artless strains
Its feeble voice to raise.

Oh, what a lesson! if a child
So innocent must kneel,
Should not our sinful time-seared hearts
A deep contrition feel?

How often from a little child
May we a lesson learn!
Reminded of our wanderings,
And urged to quick return.

TO J. P. W.

I THANK thee for that little flower,
Culled on a distant shore;
And were it India's brightest gem,
I could not prize it more.

It whispers of a happy eve,
That I would not forget,
When in my heaven a star arose
I hope will never set.

So great the magic of thy words,
So musical, so free,
That wrapt in pleasing revery,
I listened but to thee.

For thou didst tell of other climes
Beyond the trackless deep;
And thou hast trod the sacred spot
Where Sparta's warriors sleep.

And looked on beauteous Venice, too,
And o'er her waters clear
Hast heard the ever merry song
Of the gay gondolier.

'Neath fair Italia's laughing skies,
With thee in thought I've strayed;
I've looked on many a ruined tower,
And many a classic shade.

And thou did'st wake the lute that slept,
Did'st touch its trembling strings—
How various are the streams that flow
From mind's perennial springs!

Perchance ere long thy gallant ship
The ocean's storms will brave,
And graceful bend its snowy sails,
And skim the briny wave.

In memory's chaplet will I weave
The flowers so dear to me;
And should we meet in after years,
'Twill wear a smile for thee.

ONE SCENE IN A STORM.

The clouds are gathering thick and fast,
And onward comes the fearful blast;
Where madly roll the billows dark,
I see a frail and shattered bark.
I marked it when its snowy sail
Seemed sporting with the laughing gale;
Bird-like it glided from the shore,
And one I oft had seen before,
With sparkling eye and visage mild,
On the blue waters looked and smiled.
* * * * * * *
Hark! louder yet the tempest raves,
That bark is struggling with the waves,
And shrieks a frantic mother wild,
Oh, God of mercy! save my child!

She rushes forth distracted now,
One hand she presses to her brow;
Again that shriek of anguish wild,
Oh, God of mercy! save my child!
The storm is past, the billows sleep,
And calm and peaceful is the deep;
That bark hath sunk beneath the wave,
Its tenants found a watery grave.

THE PRESUMPTUOUS MOUSE.

Dear friends, receive attentively
A strange account of Mr. C.
With your permission I'll relate
(And you may smile at his sad fate),
That while reposing on his bed,
And airy thoughts flit through his head,
A weary mouse *house-hunting* crept,
Close to the pillow where he slept;
But there not feeling quite at ease,
And wishing much himself to please,

He looked with grave and thoughtful air
On Mr. C.'s dishevelled hair.
Ah ! here's the station I like best,
Said he, and here I'll build my nest.
The scalp conceals a poet's brain,
So here till morning I'll remain ;
Perhaps the muse will me inspire,
And if she tune her magic lyre,
I'll to the world proclaim that we,
Though mice, like men may poets be.
Our hero thus descanted long
On love, and poesy, and song ;
While now and then a gentle squeal
His vocal powers would reveal.
His strain of eloquence was broke,
For Mr. C., perplexed awoke,
And starting up—I do declare
There's something scraping in my hair ;
A light ! a light ! what shall I do ?
At this the mouse alarmed withdrew ;
And had he not, I'm certain, death
Had stopped, ere long, his little breath.

THE SONGS OF OTHER DAYS.

Kind minstrel, wilt thou wake once more
That long forgotten strain?
There's something in its wild sad notes
I fain would hear again.

Then gently touch the light guitar,
That once I loved to praise;
And soothe me with its music now,
In songs of other days.

Long years have tolled their weary round,
Since last I heard its tone;
And in those years how many pangs
This aching heart has known!

I feel no more as once I felt,
The warmth of friendship's rays;—
But friendship's words I yet may hear,
In songs of other days.

Rememb'rest thou the mossy nook
Beneath the aged pine?
The hawthorn hedge—the rose that grew
Beside the clustering vine?

Around those old familiar scenes
A busy fancy plays;—
Then soothe me with thy music now,
In songs of other days.

Rememb'rest thou the village church—
The graveyard's lone retreat—
The violets we planted there,
So beautiful—so sweet?

I cannot now indulge the hope
On that dear spot to gaze;
I would more gladly then recall,
The songs of other days.

The bird will seek its native clime,
And mates from whom it strayed;—
And list with rapture to their songs,
Amid each verdant glade—

So would I seek my early home,
And walk in pleasure's ways;
So will my bosom bound to hear
The songs of other days.

THE BANDIT'S BRIDE.

Wake thy shrill blast on the mountain's side,
I come, I come to thee,
Where the torrent leaps o'er the rock's steep side,
A bandit's bride I'll be.

The daring eagle that soars on high
Is not more brave than thou;
Thy spirit is seen in thy flashing eye,
On thy broad, determined brow.

Yon dark ravine with its cavern deep,
Is the dwelling of the free;
For around it the brave their vigils keep—
A bandit's bride I'll be.

Thy faithful sword hath avenged thy wrongs—
A victor's crown thou'st won;
And my harp shall tell in its nightly songs,
Of deeds so nobly done.

I shall know no fear whatever betide,
I yield my heart to thee;
I will live as thou liv'st and die by thy side—
A bandit's bride I'll be.

THE PILGRIM AND THE ANGEL.

Upon his staff an aged pilgrim leant,
And towards a rapid stream his steps he bent;
Then sat him down upon its sterile side,
And gazed and gazed upon its passing tide.
I saw a tear-drop gather in his eye,
His age, his tears, called forth my sympathy;
"They are not here," he murmured, "no, not here,
They are in heaven—the friends I loved so dear—
On death's cold stream I saw them pass away,
And now, methinks, they chide my long delay.

A few more days, and I shall cease to roam,
Oh, happy thought! I too am going home."
The pilgrim ceased—methought a boat drew near—
The sight his fainting spirit seemed to cheer;
I saw an angel wave him to her side—
He gazed a moment on the swelling tide—
" Fear not," she whispered, " though the billows foam,
Thy prayer is heard and God hath called thee home."
The waves rolled on, I felt their icy breath—
The stream he launched on was the stream of death.

TO ALICE.

Oh, Alice! can we e'er forget
Our school days glad and bright?—
Do they not leave upon our hearts,
A pure and pleasant light?

Look back upon the past, and say,
Can aught its bliss restore;
Can time with all its power dispel
The charm that once it bore?

How little did we know of care—
For we were young and gay;
Alas! how many precious hours
Were idly thrown away.

Of those who were our schoolmates then,
But few are with us now;
For death has laid its chilling hand
On many a youthful brow.

Some have their homes in distant climes,
And thus we dwell apart;
But absence cannot break the chain
That binds us heart to heart.

Oh, Alice! deeply hast thou drunk
The bitter cup of woe;—
The pangs thy aching bosom fill,
Alas! too well I know.

Yet in thine hour of dark despair,
Look to thy friend above—
Thy father, merciful and kind,
Whose chastening is love.

TO J. K. W.

I HAVE treasured the scene thou hast colored so bright,
And I muse on its features with earnest delight;
I am with thee in thought, on the oft disturbed deep,
And the soft winds are lulling the billows to sleep.

The sun is declining, it lingers awhile,
As if o'er Atlantic's proud bosom to smile;
I see a proud vessel borne swiftly along,
And I hear the gay notes of the mariner's song.

The sun is declining—how lovely and bright
The rich golden hues as they burst on the sight;
And the delicate clouds lightly floating in air,
Are weaving wild forms fantastic and fair.

'Tis eve—they are gone—they are lost in its shade—
And here must the wings of my fancy be stayed;
But thou can'st portray the emotions of bliss,
That hang like a spell in a moment like this.

Thou hast looked on the splendor of sunset at sea,
As thy vessel has glided majestic and free;
Thou hast watched the pale stars as they smiled from above,
While the voice of the night-wind has whispered of love.

Ah! would that these eyes could a moment behold
The beauties my fancy alone must unfold!
I will treasure the scene thou hast colored so bright,
And will muse on its features with earnest delight.

THE FLOATING BETHEL.

The Sabbath bell with solemn peal,
Rose on the calm still air;
I looked upon the river's breast,
A Bethel floated there.

And streaming from its humble spire
A flag the zephyrs curled;
A vessel by its side soon moored,
Her canvas quickly furled;—

And now upon her deck there stands
A weather-beaten crew,
With feelings they cannot repress,
As now their homes they view.

God hath preserved us! they exclaim,
While on the trackless deep—
(At his command the billows roll,
At his command they sleep—)

Again to hear that Sabbath bell
Call to the house of prayer;
Then turned they to that little church
Reared for the mariner.

Slowly a rev'rend pastor rose,
The gospel to declare;
His voice was tremulous and weak,
And snowy was his hair.

He seemed upon the brink of death,
Yet tranquil and serene;
He dreaded not to launch away
On its dark rolling stream.

Then swelled a choral hymn of praise—
It ceased, and all was still;
Each head was bowed—a solemn awe
Each bosom seemed to fill.

Say not the sailor's ear is deaf
To fond affection's strains;
Or that his heart is cold, and locked
In adamantine chains.

Oft as his nightly watch he keeps
Upon the deck alone,
His thoughts on memory's wings are borne
Back to his boyhood's home.

His mother's oft repeated prayer
Is whispered in his ear;
The lullaby she used to sing,
Again he seems to hear.

Then say not that his ear is deaf
To fond affection's strains;
Or that his heart is cold, and locked
In adamantine chains.

'Twas eve—a calm, still Sabbath eve—
Most sacred hour of rest!
And gently swept the crystal wave
Upon the Hudson's breast.

Again I to that Bethel turn;
Bright lamps are shining there,
Beacons to light the starless way
Of the poor mariner.

And as the Sabbath eve returns,
Those radiant lamps will shine;—
Surely I think their brilliant rays
Emblems of light divine.

LINES ON THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF GENERAL TAYLOR.

Clad in the dark habiliments of woe,
The crowd move on with measured step and slow;
Why doth yon car the name of Taylor bear?—
Why sits with outspread wings the eagle there?

Hark! hark! the muffled drum and solemn bell,
In mournful tones reply, farewell, farewell!
Farewell! our hero, president, and friend!
O'er his pale form it was not ours to bend—
Nor could we follow to his narrow bed,
Nor weep in sorrow o'er the illustrious dead.
Yet would we now our humble tribute bring,
It is affection's last, sad offering.
Our hearts are full—among that throng we see
Some who in battle nobly fought with thee.
At thy command the glittering sword they drew,
By thee inspired, no fear their bosoms knew.
Their downcast eyes our sympathies awake—
Yes, we revere them for our hero's sake.
A nation mourns—and shrouded thus in woe,
In broken accents cries—why is it so?
Eternal wisdom! wondrous thy designs!
Far, far beyond the reach of finite minds.
We dare not murmur at thy sovereign will—
Oh! bid each agitated heart be still.
Oh! soothe the anguish of each troubled breast,
And hush the tumult of our grief to rest!

FAREWELL LINES TO A FRIEND LATELY MARRIED.

How beautiful the golden ray
That lingered on the breast of even,
As if it sought to bear away
One sacred hour from earth to Heaven.

That hour had sealed a treasure thine—
A being gentle as a dove
Far from her childhood's native clime,
Had pledged to thee her life—her love.

The captive bird will gaily sing,
If nourished by a gentle hand;
But oh! how soon will droop its wing,
If wounded in a stranger land.

Confiding now she clings to thee,
Hangs on thine every look and tone;
Thou must her only guardian be—
Remember she is thine alone.

Perchance some thought of other years
May wake a sad unbidden sigh;
Thou wilt not chide it or the tears
That tremble in her glistening eye.

A mother's voice, a father's smile,
Will come at twilight's pensive hour;
Though other scenes her heart beguile,
'Twill ne'er forget its native bower.

In thought I see the sloping hill,
Where stands thy lovely western cot;—
I seem to hear the rippling rill,
That bids you welcome to the spot.

And ye will go!—another week
Will not its rapid circuit tell,
Ere I must teach these lips to speak
That painful, dreaded word—farewell!

Severed from both, ye little know
How desolate my heart will be;
Tears, burning tears, will freely flow—
The only solace left for me.

Must I alone this burden bear?
Oh, selfish heart, thy feelings quell!

Do I alone their friendship share?—
Will other lips not say farewell?

Yes, other eyes will weep like mine,
And other hearts with anguish swell;
I know 'tis weakness to repine—
God bless you both—Farewell—Farewell!

TO KATE.

I BRING thee a chaplet of roses bright,
Whose leaves are impearled with the dews of night,
I bring thee the meek-eyed violet blue,
The jessamine sweet, and the woodbine too.

I have gathered the virgin lily pale,
Whose quiet home is the peaceful vale;
And the modest daisy fresh and gay,
An offering meet for this happy day.

Touched by the breath of the summer air,
Lovely and pure is the smile they wear;

Now they are shedding that smile for thee—
Friendship and hope shall its emblems be.

TO CYNTHIA.

When wilt thou think of me?—
When the vesper bell is pealing,
And its distant sounds are stealing
Softly on the list'ning ear,
Breathing music sweet and clear;
When in prayer thou bend'st the knee,
Wilt thou then remember me?

When wilt thou think of me?—
When the twilight fades away,
And the bird hath ceased its lay,
And the quiet evening shade
Lingers in the silent glade;
When thy thoughts are wandering free,
Wilt thou then remember me?

When wilt thou think of me?—
When thy gentle heart is crushed,
And its sweetest tones are hushed;
When upon some faithful breast,
Thou wouldst lull thy grief to rest—
Then in whispers soft, to thee
I would say—remember me.

COME HOME.

Come to thy own, thy native land again,
For thy return shall friendship plead in vain?
Oh! speed thee quickly o'er the ocean's foam,
And glad the hearts that long have sighed—come home!

At eve we gather round the social hearth,
Yet hear, alas! no more thy song of mirth;
A gloomy sadness sits on every brow,
Thy place is vacant—where, oh, where art thou?

Thy place is vacant, and our home is drear;
Come to the spot once to thy bosom dear;
Oh! speed thee quickly o'er the ocean's foam,
And glad the hearts that long have sighed—come home!

TO A FRIEND.

Long years have passed since first we met,
And changes sad we both have seen;
How many a radiant star hath set,
That cheered us with its ray serene!

I knew thee when thy bosom thrilled
Like a rich harp-string's gentle tone;
Thine eye with tenderest joy was filled,
As one soft glance would meet its own.

Yes, like a fragile lily fair,
She seemed around thy form to twine;
Those lips that breathed her heart-felt prayer
Awoke an answering chord in thine.

Days, weeks, and months flew swiftly by—
A pallid hue was on her cheek,
And from her breast the deep-drawn sigh
Told what to thee she could not speak.

In vain the balmy gales of spring
Return to fan her fevered brow;
In vain her own sweet warblers sing—
No mortal hand can save her now.

And as upon its mother's breast,
The babe is gently hushed to sleep;
Without a groan she sank to rest,
And thou, alas! art left to weep.

Yet in the solemn hour of night
When round thee floats the gentle air;—
She calls thee from yon worlds of light,
And whispers—thou shalt soon be there.

Thou hast one thought thy heart to cheer,
Though one by one earth's ties be riven;
Each sacred link death severs here,
Still closer drawn shall be in heaven.

Then brood not o'er the shadowy past,
For oh ! it dark and drear must be ;
Nor would I to oblivion cast
Those memories now so sweet to thee.

Yet I would humbly ask for thee,
That even may life's current flow ;
That thine again may never be
To taste such bitterness of woe.

TO A FRIEND,

ON THE DEATH OF AN ONLY CHILD.

I know thy heart is lonely now,
For broken is its dearest tie ;
A sadness lingers on thy brow,—
A tear is gushing from thine eye.

Thou in the quiet grave hast laid
The idol of thy fondest care ;
And when the hues of evening fade,
How often dost thou wander there !

Yet wherefore should'st thou thus repine ?
What though the stream of life be dark—
Say, canst thou not thy all resign
To Him who guides thy feeble bark ?

Then upward turn thy tearful eyes,
Those weary hours will soon be o'er;
Thy soul to brighter realms shall fly,
From him thou lov'st to part no more.

TO J. W. G. C.

ON THE DEATH OF HIS INFANT SON.

He sleeps alone—thy first-born son,—
Too beautiful for earth;
He faded with the summer flowers
That smiled upon his birth.

'Twas soon to break the golden chain—
'Twas soon to give him up,
To feel thy dearest wishes crushed,
And drain the bitter cup.

Why was that bud so early nipped,
When life had scarce begun?
Nay! ask thou not, but meekly say,
Father, thy will be done!

And yet how hard to school the heart
When torn by care and pain;
To teach it calmly to endure
And *hope* for rest again.

Oh! never wilt thou hear again
That infant's lisping tone—
And though within thine arms he slept,
He now must sleep alone.

Alone! no, no!—the *body* sleeps—
The spirit cannot die;
And his has joined the cherub throng
Beyond the star-lit sky.

When the sweet voice of spring is heard,
And the blue violets bloom;
Go with the partner of thy care
And strew them on his tomb.

The fount of tears may be unsealed,
While ye are gazing there;
But upward turn your thoughts to heaven,
And find sweet peace in prayer.

AN ADDRESS,

COMPOSED AND RECITED WHILE ON A TOUR WITH A PARTY FROM THE INSTITUTION THROUGH THE INTERIOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, IN SEPTEMBER, 1843.

The deep blue sky, serenely bright,
On which your eyes with rapture gaze,
Where stars unveil their mellow light,
And God his wondrous power displays;

The gushing fount, whose glassy breast
Reflects the parting hues of day,
Nature, in robes of verdure dressed,
The opening buds, the flow'rets gay;

The lofty hills, the greenwood bowers,—
Though fair these rural scenes appear,

On them to gaze must ne'er be ours ;
These orbs, alas ! they cannot cheer.

But, oh ! instruction's nobler light
Sheds on our mental eye its ray ;
We hail its beams with new delight,
And bid each gloomy thought away.

To us, our God kind friends has given,
Whose names we ever shall revere ;
Recorded in the book of heaven,
Shall their munificence appear.

'Twas they who reared the happy home,
Beneath whose peaceful roof we dwell ;
No more unheeded now we roam,—
Our lips the notes of gladness swell.

But while our sunny moments fly,
Unsullied by a shade of care,
For those like us bereft we sigh,
And wish they, too, our joys might share.

Is there no tender parent here,
Who oft in sorrow weeps alone,
For the sweet child he holds so dear,
O'er whom a rayless night is thrown ?

Then place amid our youthful band,
That loved one cherished long by thee;
There will her intellect expand,
And her young heart beat light and free.

There will her fingers learn to trace
The page by inspiration given;
The page of sacred truth and grace—
The star that guides her soul to heaven.

ADDRESS,

RECITED AT SEVERAL EXHIBITIONS WHEN ON A TOUR THROUGH THE WESTERN PART OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, IN AUGUST, 1842, INVITING THE PUBLIC TO SEND THE BLIND TO THE INSTITUTION.

Contented, happy, though a sightless band,
Dear friends, this evening we before you stand!
We for a moment your attention claim,
And trust that boon will not be asked in vain.

The varied scenes the rural landscape yields,
The smiling meadows and the flowery fields,

The boundless ocean and the vaulted skies,
Must never, never glad these sightless eyes.

But there's a lamp within, whose sacred light
Burns with a lustre ever pure and bright—
'Tis education—we have shown to you
What, by its rays illumed, the blind can do.

Without it, life a dreary waste would be,
With naught to break its long monotony;
No sunny beams to light our cheerless way—
Our vacant thoughts, ah! whither would they stray?

But thanks to God, his sovereign care we own,
He hath not left us friendless and alone,—
His pitying eye beheld the helpless blind,
And raised up friends affectionate and kind.

Fain would I bear you to our happy home—
Come then with me, on fancy's pinions roam,
Where peace and love, twin sisters, fondly smile,
And music's strains our cheerless hours beguile.

When fair Aurora from the orient sky
Bids night's celestial orb before her fly,
We hail the opening day with vigor new,
And with delight our various tasks pursue.

But oh ! while thus our moments sweetly glide,
We think of those like us of sight denied,
Whose minds enshrouded in a mental night,
Sigh to behold instruction's glorious light.

Perchance some tender parent now is here,
Whose only child, perhaps a daughter dear,
Of sight bereaved, doth tears of pity claim—
Then why at home that darling one detain ?

Place, I entreat you, place your offspring there,
Where she the blessings we enjoy may share ;
Where, pruned by education's culturing hand,
Her intellect, long dormant, may expand.

And she will bless you with affection's tears,
When she to you returns in after years—
Will with her fingers trace the sacred page,
When o'er you steals apace declining age.

AN ADDRESS,

DELIVERED BY FRANCES JANE CROSBY, A PUPIL, ETC.,

Before the Governor, Council, and Assembly of the State of New Jersey, on the occasion of an Exhibition given before that Body, at Trenton, by twenty Pupils from the Institution. January 29, 1844.

Now 'mid the evening sky serene,
Majestic rolls night's silv'ry queen ;
Her starry train revolving round,
Smiles o'er calm nature's sleep profound.

Alas ! though mild their lustre be,
Their beauties we may never see ;
But there's a ray more pure, more bright,
That in our bosoms sheds its light.

That ray our darkened path beguiles,
And wreathes the clouded brow with smiles ;
'Tis education, dearer far
Than brilliant moon or beaming star.

Thanks to our Father, God above,
For the rich tokens of his love;
The blind girl's home he deigns to bless,
And turns her grief to happiness.

How oft, at evening's silent hour,
When zephyrs fanned each fragrant flower,
And peaceful nature calmly slept
In pensive sadness, we have wept.

Now sweetly glide the hours away,
Cheered by soft music's thrilling lay;
And pure affection's accents dear,
Fall gently on our listening ear.

We—honored legislative band!
With glowing hearts before you stand;—
We plead for those bereft of sight,
Who sigh for education's light.

We tender you our thanks sincere,
For those intrusted to our care;
But many, many yet remain,
And shall we plead for them in vain?

"SHALL I MEET THEE AGAIN?"

DEDICATED TO A FELLOW PUPIL IN THE INSTITUTION.

SHALL I meet thee again where so oft we have met,
When our bosoms from sorrow were free?
Oh! those moments of pleasure will steal o'er me yet,
When thou art far distant from me!

Shall I meet thee again, 'neath the green willow's shade
That waves o'er Oneida's calm lake?
When the mild rays of evening in loveliness fade,
Shall my lute its soft music awake?

Oh! say shall I meet thee unaltered again—
Thy friendship as fervent as now?
Or will absence efface from thy mem'ry my name,
And cold be the smile on thy brow?

THE BLIND GIRL'S SONG.

They tell me of a sunny sky,
Tinged with ethereal light;
But, ah! for me, no sunbeams shine,
My day is veiled in night.

Yet, there's a beam, a nobler beam,
Of knowledge, bright and fair;
That beam may light my darkened path,
And soften every care.

The moon that o'er the sleeping earth
Shines forth in majesty,
The sparkling deep that proudly rolls,
Hath no delights for me.

Yet I can hear a brother's voice,
In tenderest accents speak;
And feel my gentle sister's tear,
Steal softly down my cheek.

PSALM IV. 8.

"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety."

Drawn is the curtain of the night,
Oh! 't is the sacred hour of rest;
Sweet hour, I hail thee with delight,
Thrice welcome to my weary breast.

O God! to thee, my fervent prayer
I offer, kneeling at thy feet;
Though humbly breathed, oh! deign to hear—
Smile on me from the mercy seat.

While angel guards their watches keep,
Whose harps thy praise unceasing swell,
"I lay me down in peace, and sleep,"
For thou in safety mak'st me dwell.

Drawn is the curtain of the night—
Thou bid'st creation silent be—

And now, with holy, calm delight,
Father, I would commune with thee.

Shepherd of Israel, deign to keep,
And guard my soul from every ill:
Thus will I lay me down, and sleep,
For thou in safety mak'st me dwell.

TO A FRIEND AND FELLOW PUPIL,

WHO PROPOSED TO THROW AWAY THE FADED FLOWER OF A FAVORITE PLANT.

Cast not this simple flower away!
I mark with sorrow its decay;
But though its transient day be o'er,
Eliza, thou should'st love it more.

Though other flowers round it smile,
They'll blossom but a little while;
Then, like my hyacinth, decay:
Cast not that simple flower away.

The time may come, perchance ere long,
When she whose light and joyous song

Thou oft hast heard, and in whose heart's
Affections thou dost share a part;

May, like that withered flower, fade,
And in the silent grave be laid.
With *her*, will all thy love decay?—
Cast not that simple flower away!

Methinks I see the gathering tear
Fall from thine eyes, my sister dear;
Forgive, if I have caused thee pain—
I will not wound thy heart again.

Yet, by the love thou bear'st to me,
And my affection deep for thee,
Friend of my bosom, say, oh! say,
Thou wilt not cast that flower away!

EASTER SUNDAY.

Hail, sacred morn! when from the tomb
The Son of God arose,
"Captivity he captive led,"
And triumphed o'er his foes.

Rejoice! oh, holy church, rejoice!
Awake thy noblest strain,
Put off thy weeds of mourning now,—
The Saviour lives again.

Oh! let thy loud hosannahs reach
The portals of the sky,
While angels tune their gentle harps
And heavenly choirs reply.

"Glory to God; he ever lives
To plead our cause above,
He,—he is worthy to receive
All honor, power, and love.

"Hail, mighty king! we at thy feet
Our grateful homage pay;
Accept the humble sacrifice,
And wash our sins away.

"Then at the resurrection morn,
When the last trump shall sound,
May we awake to life anew,
And with thy saints be found."

IMPROMPTU,

IN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION, "WILL YOU SEND FOR ME WHEN YOU ARE ILL?"

THE promise I have made thee,
Doubt not I will fulfil,
For I would have thee near me,
My friend, when I am ill;
Yes, I would lay my aching head
Upon thy faithful breast,
And while I felt its gentle throb,
Would sweetly sink to rest.

Come, throw thy arms about me,
As thou hast oft before;
The song I loved so dearly,
Oh! sing to me once more.
Yes, twine thine arms around me,
And press thy cheek to mine;
The love that thus has warmed me,
Shall evermore be thine.

It was but yester-night I dreamed,
In Eden's bower we strayed,
And sat, and talked of happiness,
Beneath the olive shade.
There every tree, and plant, and flower,
In all their beauty bloomed,
And with their balmy fragrance,
The evening air perfumed.

Oh! there is a fairer Eden,
In yonder world above;
There may we meet, no more to part,
Friend of my fondest love!
There may thy voice in higher strains,
Than it on earth can raise,
Be tuned with all the heavenly choir,
To its Redeemer's praise.

THE WISH.

I ASK; but not the glittering pomp
Of wealth and pageantry;
Nor splendid dome; a rural cot
My domicile shall be.

'Tis not to mingle with the gay,
The opulent, and proud;
'Tis not to court the flattering smile
Of an admiring crowd.

I ask a heart—a faithful heart—
Congenial with mine own,
Whose deep, unchanging love shall burn
For me, and me alone.

A heart in sorrow's cheerless hour,
To soften every care;
To taste with me the sweets of life,
And all its ills to share.

Thus linked by friendship's golden chain,
Ah! who more blessed than we;
Unruffled as the pearly stream,
Our halcyon days would be.

TO JENNY LIND.

We ask no more why strains like thine
Enchant a listening throng,
For we have felt in one sweet hour
The magic of thy song.

How like the carol of a bird,
It stole upon the ear!
Then tenderly it died away,
In echoes soft and clear.

But hark! again its music breaks
Harmonious on the soul;
How thrills the heart, at every tone,
With bliss beyond control!

If strains like these, so pure, so sweet,
To mortal lips be given,
What must the glorious anthems be
Which angels wake in heaven?

'Tis past! 'tis gone! that fairy dream
Of happiness is o'er!
And we, the music of thy voice
Perhaps may hear no more.

Yet, Sweden's daughter, thou shalt live
In every grateful heart,
And may the choicest gifts of heaven
Be thine, where'er thou art!

RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE

INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND.

Come, gentle muse! my lay inspire—
Once more I tune my slumbering lyre,
And fain would touch its sweetest string;
Aid me, oh! aid me, while I sing.
But say of what my song shall be—
Would'st hear a plaintive melody?
Or shall I wake a nobler strain,
Some warlike hero's deeds of fame?
Or borne on fancy's magic wing,
Fly to Castalia's limpid spring,
Or climb Parnassus and behold
Where gods and goddesses of old
Were wont in fair Elysian bowers
To dwell 'midst amaranthine flowers?
Or sing of fair Columbia free,
Our own bright land of liberty,
Where o'er full many a patriot's grave
Doth freedom's spangled banner wave?

I seek no dreams of fiction now,
Nor wreaths to deck a warrior's brow;
The theme my happy home shall be,
Endeared by tenderest ties to me.
Here many a rolling year has flown,
The brightest joys I e'er have known
Here have I felt, nor could my heart
Endure from scenes like these to part.
I cannot look o'er earth abroad,
And view the wond'rous works of God;
The distant range of mountains high,
Whose snow-capt summits reach the sky;
The landscape in its robe of green,
The star-gemmed firmament serene;
An all-wise Providence divine
Has this denied;—shall I repine?
God bids me know him and be still,—
I bow submissive to His will.

Reader, permit me to contrast
Our present prospects with the past,—
And if the simple melody
Hath touched a chord of sympathy
(Though scarce I dare to hope a strain
So humble would thy notice claim),

Go, gentle reader, back with me
A few short years, and thou shalt see
The blind in mental darkness left,
To grope their way ; full many reft
Of all that rendered life most dear,
Without one beam of hope to cheer
Their stricken hearts ;—oh, they were thrown
Friendless upon the world alone.
Touched with compassion for their woes,
A philanthropic few arose,
Resolved to educate the blind,
And throw some light on darkened mind.

This work begun—I pass along
To eighteen hundred thirty-one.
Three sightless orphans were obtained,
Their confidence, their love was gained ;
Their mental progress soon repaid
Their teachers for each effort made.
The weeks and months flew quickly past,
The public eye was caught at last,
By such success in efforts new,
For they could scarce believe it true,
That they on whom the orb of day
Had never shed its golden ray

By *touch alone* were taught to read;
This seemed impossible indeed.

Their numbers rapidly increased,
And soon to them was kindly leased
A private mansion, and around
Old trees o'erspread the pleasure ground.
Here first upon my mental sight
Was poured instruction's blessed light,
Ere yet this sacred pile was reared,
Which shall for ages stand revered.
Close to this spot our home did stand,
And we were but a little band.
Our Managers for many a year
Pursued their work 'twixt hope and fear;
Though countless obstacles they met,
Their courage failed not—fails not yet.
To this great State they then applied,
Nor was her timely aid denied;
She did her fostering care bestow—
What gratitude to her we owe!
How often I recall that day,
When faithful friends were met to lay
The corner-stone of this great pile;
'Twas winter—but see nature smile

On the good work;—now prayers arise
Like holy incense to the skies;
In holy strains a choral lay
Closed the glad service of the day.
Quickly the dreary winter passed,
The gentle spring returned at last;
Then rapidly the work progressed,
And God from heaven beheld and blessed.
The summer came and passed away,
And autumn clad in its array
Of faded charms, each vale and hill.
The voice of winter, loud and shrill,
Broke on our ear with mournful sound,
And in its icy fetters bound
The crystal streams; they ceased to flow,
And nature wore a garb of snow.
'Twas at this time, with sorrow true,
We bade our much loved home adieu;
For oh! its time-worn walls had long
Resounded with our joyous song.
We saw it soon in ruin laid,
And e'en the willow, 'neath whose shade
We often sat, or gambolled round,
The woodman's axe brought to the ground.

Thus time sped on with rapid flight;
Now with emotions of delight,

This noble edifice complete
We view, and in its dear retreat
The friendless, the deserted blind,
Thank heaven! a home and friends can find.

Reader, art weary of my lay?
Or would'st our happy home survey?
Come then, I'll thy conductor be,
Enter its Gothic walls with me.
Mark yonder group! can'st thou not trace
A cheerful smile on every face,
As arm in arm the spacious hall
They promenade? and sightless all!
Hark! gently bursting on thine ear,
The voice of music, soft and clear;
Now mournfully the cadence floats,
And now it swells in loftier notes;
Methinks thou long could'st linger here,
But to the school-room we'll repair.
Here for a moment pause and view,
As they their various tasks pursue;
The unclouded brow, the glowing cheek,
Which doth the heart's own language speak.
Let solemn awe inspire thy breast,
As in *this* sacred room we rest;
Here, on each holy Sabbath day,

We meet to praise our God and pray;
His ministers of every name,
The gospel messages proclaim.
Nor do we worship here alone—
To *all* our doors are open thrown;
Yes, all who love the house of prayer,
Are cordially invited here.
Now fade the glorious tints of day,
The setting sun its dying ray
Sheds softly from the crimson west,—
See from this point the Hudson's breast!
Oh! gaze upon the magic scene—
The sky all cloudless and serene,
The mighty river onward flowing,
The whole face of nature glowing—
And say, should not our home be dear?
Ah, who could not be happy here?
Sweet thought! the blind from every State
May in its joys participate.

And now, my muse, farewell to thee!
Here would I close my melody,
And leave thee, gentle reader, too,
And breathe the parting word—adieu!

THE END.

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